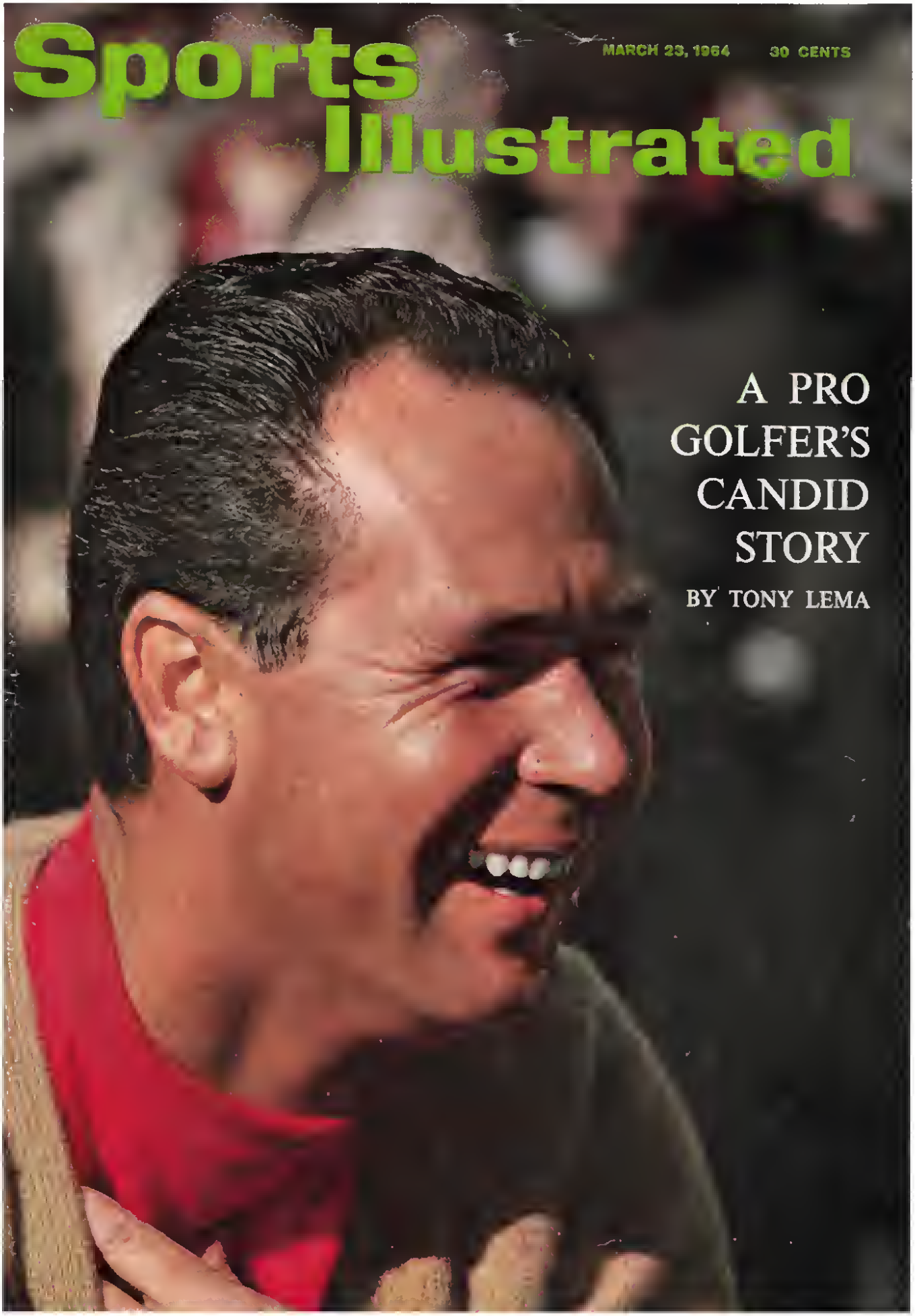
Sports Illustrated

MARCH 23, 1964 30 CENTS



A PRO GOLFER'S CANDID STORY

BY TONY LEMA


Budweiser

BUDGET, SCHMUDGET!

BUDGETS HAVE A BAD REPUTATION TODAY, for there is hardly anything that so many people have tried and so few mastered.

One problem is the word itself. "Budget" brings to mind penny-pinching and belt-tightening. Smart money management is not that at all. It is an over-all financial *plan*... one that includes all your dollars.

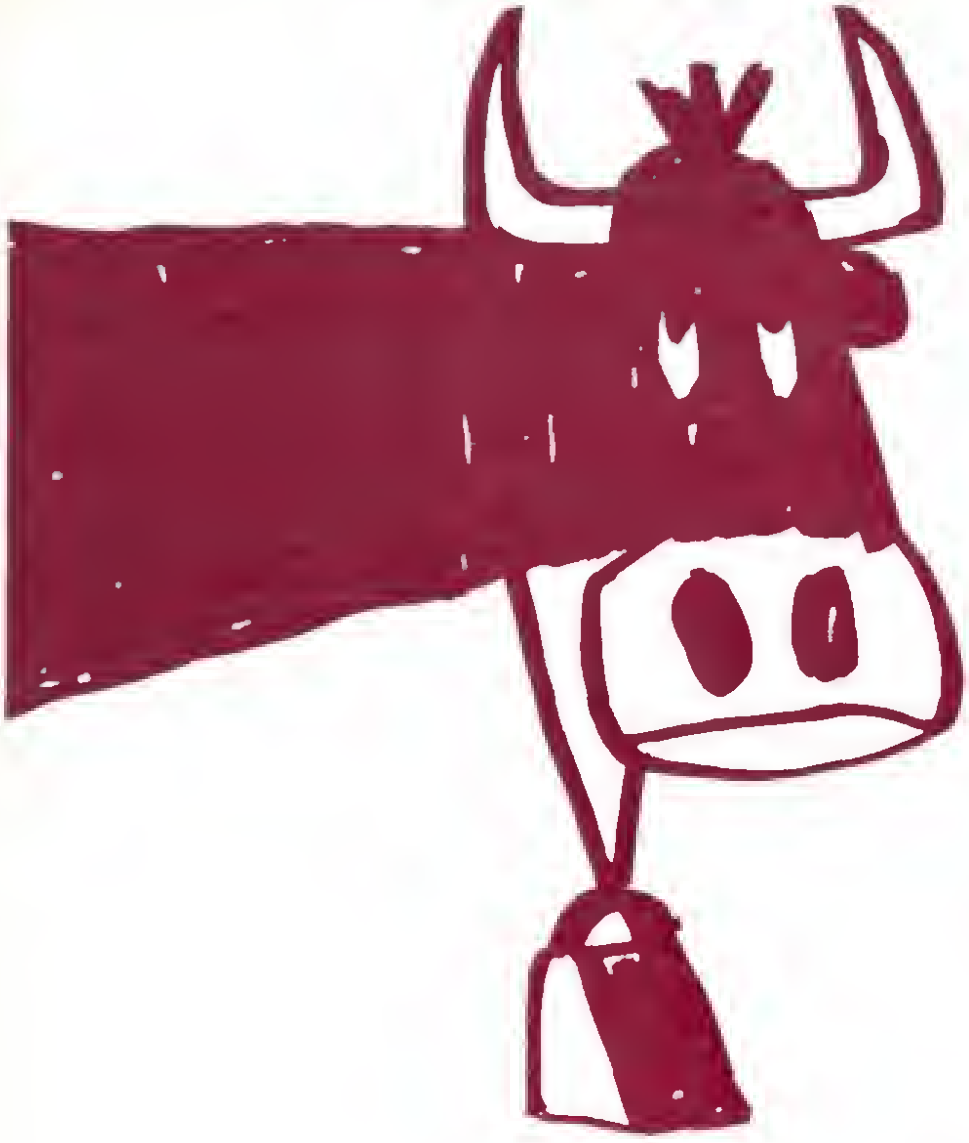
THE PITFALLS OF PLANNING

The biggest single problem with financial planning is believing you can do it. One answer is to know in advance the problems that may come up—and be prepared for them. Some typical pitfalls:

- Trying to figure out to the last penny exactly where all your family's money should go.
- Planning too far ahead, especially when small sums are involved.
- Trying to fit the habits of everyone in your family into a rigid new pattern.

There's no mumbo-jumbo involved in getting a financial plan under way. It is simply a matter of deciding that you will control your money instead of letting it control you. Three simple steps are involved: 1) A family should earn all it can; 2) save the first part; 3) control the spending of the rest.

Where can you get help in getting started? Get in touch with a Connecticut General agent or broker. He is specially trained in a new money management technique called 25/75 . . . a plan for all your dollars . . . a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. He can help you start today to meet tomorrow's goals — without cutting back. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.



It seems there was this cow...

. . in 1871 on Chicago's West Side This cow kicked over a lantern and started one of the great fires of history.

After the fire, Chicago was desperately short of water. The Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co of Milwaukee sent a ship loaded with beer to Chicago, to tha immense pleasure of the thirsty citizens (It was almost the first time that Schlitz had been sent outside the immediate neighborhood of Milwaukee.)

The water supply was restored in time, but Chicagoans remembered that wonderful beer from Milwaukee They talked about it. They wanted more. They sent to Milwaukee for that premium quality.

And that's how Schlitz first became "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous " The start of its fame that today spreads around the world. And today's Schlitz—the ona that gives you raal gusto in a great light beer—is even better than Schlitz was then.

That's why we put a cow in a beer ad. Because it's a Schlitz ad, we naturally made it a brown cow.

Schlitz—the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous . . . simply because it tastes so good

Schlitz

©1964 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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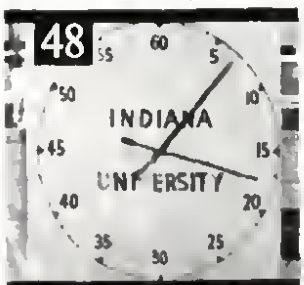
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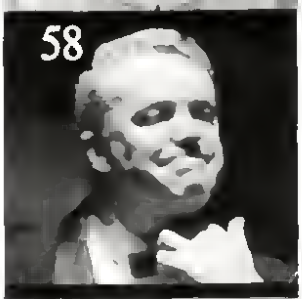














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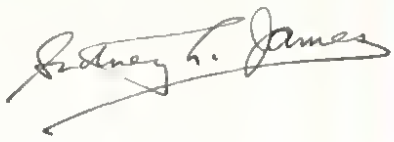
BASKETBALL'S FINALE will come Saturday night in Kansas City, when a new college champion will be enthroned. John Underwood reports the climactic scene of an exciting year.

A LION STALKS through Jack Dreyfus' TV commercials, but Dreyfus himself stalks other game. Joe David Brown tells how he acquired one of racing's most surprising horses.

SPRING IN FLORIDA is long and lush. Few have probed as deeply into its mysteries as Photographer Shelly Grossman. Some of his findings are shown in a color picture essay.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



One of the reasons that smiling golfer, Tony Lema, is on SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S cover this week goes back to a night in June 1962 when Lema—during a short respite from the tournament circuit—got talking with his friend (and SI writer) Gwilym Brown, in a Manhattan nightclub. "Tour life is crazy," said Lema. "I'm going to write a book about it."

"No, you're not," Brown said, "because I'm going to and I write faster than you."

Before the evening was over they decided on a collaburation, and the first part of a three-installment excerpt from



CO-AUTHORS LEMA AND BROWN

their book begins on page 62. It is a candid look at the tour—told by one of pro golf's freshest and most engaging figures, with Brown's expert assistance. Says Lema, who lets Brown outsmile him for once in the picture above: "It was close to a psychoanalytic experience."

Gwil Brown, who was Harvard '51, has been following the pro tournament circuit as an SI writer longer than Lema has been playing on it, and between times has helped such experts as Bill Casper, Mickey Wright, Jerry Barber and Jack Nicklaus prepare their instructional articles for this magazine. A man who likes a suntan as much as anybody else, Brown agreed with Lema that they should try to write the book Champagne Tony-fashion—"by putting it all on tape while we lie on the beach at Acapulco for a week." But the collaborators never did get to the beach, and the project took achingly longer than a week. The tape recorder, of course, came in handy. They did their work in hotels and motels in New Orleans, Memphis, Boston, Hartford, Philadelphia, Las Vegas and elsewhere around the circuit.

Lema found the taping sessions wearing, and set a maximum of two hours each as Brown schoolmastered him into bringing his fullest introspection to the subject. Tony went along with the demand, moaning afterward, "An hour with Gwil has harder than 18 holes of tournament golf." The end result was a 70,000-word book, *Golfers' Gold*, which Little, Brown and Company will publish next month ($4.95).

It is no accident that the golfer that Brown picked to work with two years ago is now emerging as one of the tour's most magnetic stars. In what we would like to feel is a tradition of knowledgeable golf coverage, SI readers—and most fans—were introduced to Lema a year ago by Brown himself (SI, March 25). They found there what they will also discover in *Golfers' Gold:* both Brown and Lema are determined enemies of the worn thought. "And how did you find the greens?" a network announcer recently asked Lema after a tournament round. "I just walked down the fairways, and there they were," said Tony.

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The hull is made of stretch-formed aluminum sheets, welded to high-tensile aluminum frames. (The alloy Roamer uses is equal in impact strength to the steel used in other hulls.) There are no seams to open or planks to crack. The hull is rivetless, watertight, and sturdy enough to withstand blows from heavy seas and underwater obstacles. And it's protected with a Capac electronic corrosion eliminator (standard).

Wedded to the hull is a superstructure of moulded fiberglass, chosen because no other material allows such complete design freedom or provides such lasting beauty. Sleek and graceful, easy and economical to maintain, the cabin exterior is weather-tight and impervious to the effects of moisture and weather.

Inside the superstructure is a cabin of astounding spaciousness. (Less-bulky aluminum frames provide more usable hull space.) Luxurious natural-wood paneling is complemented with color-blended carpeting, upholstery fabrics, and headlining. There are foam-filled V-berths in the private forward stateroom. The dinette and lounge in the main cabin are convertible for more sleeping room. The galley is a seagoing chef's delight. Cabin headroom is 6′4″.

You can equip this cruiser with twin engines of up to 550 total horsepower (diesels available). The lightness of the hull lets you enjoy high speeds with smaller engines than other boats need. Similarly, the extremely low operating costs of this lighter hull are an advantage no boat owner can overlook.

Fully equipped, this new 36′ Roamer Riviera in aluminum is priced from only $23,490 (with twin 185-hp Chris-Craft V8 engines).

See your dealer soon. (If there's no Roamer dealer near you, check with your Chris-Craft dealer. In many cases, you can order a Roamer through him.) For complete information, write Roamer Yachts, Chris-Craft Corporation, Pompano Beach, Florida. FOB prices and specifications subject to change.

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SHOPWALK

The wida variety of archary equipmant availabla today would amaza Robin Hood

A licensed hunter took to the woods recently with a 45-pound, high-powered, recurved Bear Kodiak Magnum equipped with bow sight, silencer, brush buttons and nock lock. He wore a zippered, hooded camouflage suit with head net, smoked-elk belt pack, powder pouch, a steel-stayed, elastic-backed cordovan armguard and a sheared-calf shooting glove. Anointing the trees around him with bottled scents, one to attract game and another to fool it, he drew, aimed and shot a Firebird arrow with a broadhead.

This is what has happened to the ancient sport of archery, which has 6 million participants in the U.S. and is growing fast, notably in schools, camps and highly populated areas where legislation restricts firearms. There are over 5,000 clubs and two associations, one for field archery and the other for target archery. Although more persons become bow hunters every year, and a few attack scavenger fish, field archery is the most popular pursuit.

Outfitting an archer, whether for target or hunting, has become an exact science. Oldest, largest and typical of the best equipment manufacturers is Bear of Grayling, Mich. Fred Bear, a three-time Michigan archery champion and the holder of 75 big-game trophies, markets 11 bows (among them the Kodiak, Polar, Cub and Fox), the Bear-Easton, Micro-Flite, Firebird, Flu-Flu and Fox arrows, plus every conceivable accessory. Ben Pearson of Pine Bluff, Ark. is nearly as large, York of Independence, Mo., Hoyt of Bridgeton, Mo., Damon Howatt of Yakima, Wash., Wing of Houston and Root of Big Rapids, Mich. are also outstanding concerns. In addition, Colt of Hartford, Conn. and Browning of St. Louis, both firearms companies, have recently developed high-level lines of archery gear, as has Shakespeare of Kalamazoo, Mich., long famous in fishing tackle.

At $25 to $125, the fine bows produced by these and other leading makers are beautiful instruments. The already graceful curve of the old lemonwood camp bow has been modified to form the recurved bow with a grip shaped to the hand. Nearly all are made of such exotic woods as African bubinga and zebra and Brazilian rosewood, or domestic cherry and hard maple, and are backed and faced with bonded fiber glass in assorted colors.

All bows are marked for length (the shortest distance from tip to tip) and draw weight (the pressure required to draw the string to the length of the arrow). The average recurved bow is between 60 and 66 inches long, but a large man can buy a 68- or 69-inch

continued



Love, laughter, lobster— fresh air so clean it's fun just to breathe

There's a world of good in the special happiness of a Maine vacation. You'll find it when you slam a drive long and straight down a pine-fringed fairway — when you sail, swim, or simply sit in the sand and look at the sky. You'll know it on an uncrowded stretch of beach when a child giggles "Daddy, watch me dive." You'll feel it when a big bass hits and your reel zings. And you'll hear it linger at dawn in the whirlpools your canoe paddle leaves behind.

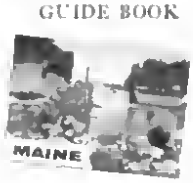
Maine's special happiness is in the "bang-sold" of an auctioneer's hammer. It's summer stock and mountains. It's butter and clams and a lobster bake. It's sleep with a blanket on a summer night. It's a pleasant sigh that says "no hurry, no worry." It's all the countless thrills that have made millions fall in love with Maine.

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bow. Women and children can handle a 60-inch bow easily but may want a shorter one, like Bear's 56-inch Polar ($60). The Bear Kodiak Magnum ($65) and the Colt Huntsman ($60) are short 52-inch hunting bows, resembling the Turkish bow from which all recurved bows derive. Most models are of one length, but all come in a range of draw weights, and each will perform at a draw slightly short of, as well as a few inches past, the point of its rated weight. The outside limits on draw weight are 15 and 70 pounds, but again, each model has its own range. Nothing less than 45 pounds is recommended for hunting.

Arrows, too, come in a great range of lengths (28 inches is the standard), strengths, colors and prices and should suit the individual. The spine, or stiffness, of the arrow must withstand the pressure of the drawn bowstring, for serious injury may attend the buckling of a light arrow in a heavy bow. An arrow that is too short cannot receive maximum thrust, since it will fall from the arrow rest at full draw. Less obviously, an archer would have trouble scoring consistently with an arrow that is too long, since it cannot be drawn the same length for every shot. The difference of a quarter inch in the draw may lower a potential 9 to a 7 by the time the arrow hits.

The perfect way to determine arrow length is to try one at shooting stance while an expert checks elbow and hand positions. Failing that, a novice may extend his arms, without straining, in front of his chest and be measured from the center of it to the tip of his middle finger to determine the proper arrow length for him.

While some serviceable arrows cost as little as $8 a dozen, matched arrows of first quality Port Orford cedar from the Pacific Northwest run $12 to $17 a dozen, depending on head; fiber glass $26 to $32; and aluminum $30 to $35. Tools and materials for assembling arrows are also available for the do-it-yourselfer.

For the novice, most manufacturers make inexpensive solid fiber-glass bows, sold separately and in sets. The straight Pearson 400 Scout ($10) comes in 27- to 34-pound draw weights, a good size for the beginning youngster. Two excellent bows in semure-curved wood and fiber glass for anyone are the Colt Scout ($25) and the Bear Cub ($30). Basic accessories needed are an armguard, quiver, glove or finger tab, which should cost under $20 all told.

It is best to shop in person, but some dealers can outfit even a novice by mail given his height, weight, age, occupation, full-length photograph, arrow length measurement and whether bow and arrows are for hunting or target, right hand or left. If necessary, manufacturers will do the same, shipping each at a customer's specification.

—MARY EVANS



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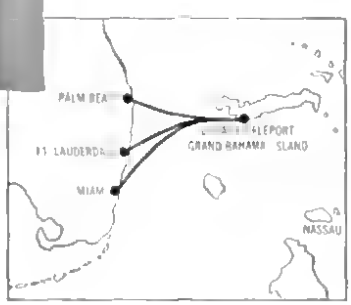
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POINT OF FACT

A Florida Derby quiz to stimulate memories and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

? *The Florida Derby, a 1 1/8-mile test for 3-year-olds at Gulfstream Park in Hallandale, was first run in 1952. Who won the inaugural race?*

• Sky Ship, ridden by Ronnie Nash, won a $17,550 (now $100,000) purse with a time of 1.50 4/5.

? *What was the fastest time recorded in the Florida Derby and how does it compare with the Gulfstream Park record for 1 1/8 miles?*

• Gen Duke won the 1957 renewal in 1 46 4/5, which set the track record for 1 1/8 miles. In 1960 Day Court, a 5-year-old horse, equaled the mark in the Southern Cross Handicap.

? *Has any jockey won three consecutive times?*

• Yes, William Hartack. He finished first aboard Gen Duke in 1957, Tim Tam in 1958 and Easy Spur in 1959. In his other Florida Derbys he finished second two times and third once.

? *How many times have California-bred and Florida-bred horses won the Florida Derby?*

• Twice each. Correlation and Candy Spots, both California horses, won in 1954 and 1963. Florida's Needles and Carry Back took the 1956 and 1961 Florida Derbys.

? *How many of the horses that finished first, second or third in the Florida Derby have gone on to take the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont?*

• Ten different horses have won a total of 14 Triple Crown events—five Derbys, six Preaknesses and three Belmonts. Florida Derby winners Tim Tam (1958) and Carry Back (1961) each won both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, while Needles (1956) took the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont, and Nashua (1955) won the Preakness and the Belmont. Bally Ache (1960) and Candy Spots (1963) both finished first in the Preakness. Although they placed second in the Florida race, Bold Ruler (1957), Sword Dancer (1959) and Venetian Way (1960) went on to win the Preakness, Belmont and Kentucky Derby respectively. The most improvement, however, was shown by Iron Liege (1957), who went from third place in the Florida Derby to first in the Kentucky Derby.

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SCORECARD

THE DEVIL FINDS WORK FOR SONNY

Scarcely had the bruises Cassius Clay inflicted on his body and soul begun to heal than Sonny Liston was in trouble of a more familiar kind. His old enemy, the law, to which he has lost a few decisions, was belting him around again. In Denver, a city that had begun to accept him, Sonny was up on charges of driving 76 miles an hour in a 30-mile zone, driving without a valid license, and carrying a concealed .22 automatic pistol. All in all, a mild assortment of raps compared to some Sonny has been up against, but one wonders why the ex-champion, in the light of his past record and his desire to regain the heavyweight title, would put himself in jeopardy with boxing commissions around the country. He is already barred in some states.

Liston's closest friend is his secretary, Teddy King. King had something of an explanation. Since losing the title, he said, Liston had been in "a state of shock."

"He just came out of it two days ago," King said. "Yesterday [the day before the speeding incident] was the first day I think I saw him smile. He came in and told me some funny jokes.

"The trouble with him is he needs something to do. All he does is sit around all day. He doesn't train enough.

"I think we're going to get him to buy some property and open a real estate office—someplace where he can go and sit for six hours a day."

Idle hands—that's the explanation.

THE IDEALISTIC SNOOKS

The recruiting of Canadian players for U.S. college hockey teams has become such standard practice over the years that only two major college teams still do without them. One is, of course, the U.S. Military Academy squad at West Point. The other is Boston College, which never has put a Canadian import on its ice, which plays the longest—and probably the toughest—college schedule in the East, and which has reached the NCAA tournament more times than any eastern college.

All this stems from the stubborn idealism of John Andrew (Snooks) Kelley, at 56 the dean of America's college coaches, who concluded his 28th season at BC last week with an excellent record of 18 wins, nine losses and one tie. This, with 10 sophomores on his varsity. His career total: 362 wins, 157 losses, 14 ties. He has had losing seasons only twice, in 1934 and in 1958.

Kelley is an inspirational locker room pleader of the old school, but he never was much of a hockey player. Standing 5 feet 4 inches and weighing 130 pounds, he could not even make his Boston College High School team and at Boston College he was team manager until, in the 1928 game against Yale, a player was injured and Kelley was ordered to suit up. That sums up his playing career.

His recruiting philosophy is summed up this way:

"We have had ample opportunity to recruit Canadian boys. I've found most of them are fine gentlemen as well as excellent players. But I'll stick with kids developed in the Boston area and around New England."

They seem to develop almost as well there as in Ontario or Quebec.

TOWARD SAFER SCUBA DIVING

Last summer off the New Jersey coast, five very capable scuba divers had close calls with death. Exploring an offshore wreck, the divers suffered dizziness, confusion and at times almost complete lack of control over their actions. Luckily, all made it safely back to the surface. Tests proved that the divers' compressed air supply, pumped from faulty compressors, contained dangerous amounts of carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide (SI, July 29, 1963).

The New Jersey State Department of Health, with the help of professional divers and the U.S. Navy, now has established purity standards for air sold to divers. Health department representatives will visit air stations during the summer, take air samples and, if necessary, prosecute those found to be selling bad air.

A few weeks ago Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D., Conn.), the former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, introduced in Congress a bill to insure clean air for divers throughout the country. Ribicoff proposed that the Public Health Service promote acceptance of purity standards covering compressed air used by scuba divers and conditions under which scuba tanks are filled. Once standards are set, says Ribicoff, they should be enforced, "probably through state licensing of air sales centers."

We are all for clean air—beneath the sea and someday, perhaps, even in the cities of America.

RARE BIRD, THE OOKPIK

The maple leaf and the Mountie are Canadian symbols, all right, but Canadian officials discovered in publicizing a Philadelphia trade fair last fall that their ability to attract American attention has faded over the years. Casting about for another symbol, they came upon the ookpik, which is what Eskimos call the Arctic owl.

An imaginative Eskimo craftsman had given the original ookpik puppet a duck's webbed feet and a duck's behind, but that has all been corrected—more's the pity—in the one depicted here. This one, made of sealskin, is the handiwork of Mrs. Jennie Snowball, an Eskimo widow who lives in Fort Chimo on Ungava



Bay. It may well make her one of the world's richest Eskimos. From direct sales of her own ookpiks, which go for as much as $20 each, and from royalties due her as designer, she stands to earn at least $6,000.

When a New Jersey department store tried to order 100,000 ookpiks, it was calculated that if all the Eskimos in the Arctic spent all their time making

continued



The bottle is rather curious

When something very exceptional is developed, it would be a shame to dress it out in a rather ordinary way. Somehow it doesn't seem right that Michelob should go forth in the same container design as that of other beers. In fact, it would have been a dismal blunder. When justice is done, it should *appear* to be done.

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Be a bull or a bear but never a pig

An old stock market saying.
Freely translated *don't* over-speculate.
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Talk with him. Now. Tomorrow Day after.



The Prudential Insurance Company of America

the birds they could not meet such a demand. Two Canadian firms have been licensed to mass-produce smaller ookpiks of plush and possum fur (the sealskin boot fad has created a scarcity of the original material), and the world will have to make do with these.

ALL FORGIVEN, PLAY BALL

When Pete Rozelle, the National Football League commissioner, pronounced sentences of indefinite suspension on Paul Hornung of the Green Bay Packers and Alex Karras of the Detroit Lions last April, there were some who felt he had dealt out punishment that was overly harsh. After all, the players were betting on their own teams, and the rules of racing permit jockeys to bet on their own mounts. The incident was hardly comparable to baseball's Black Sox scandal. But Rozelle, whose responsibility it is to maintain the confidence of the public in professional football, judged exactly right. Rumors of gambling by players are easily distorted and can be used to create scandal where none had existed.

Last Monday Rozelle reinstated Hornung and Karras, and that is right and proper, too.

INSTANT VOYAGEUR

A hefty deterrent to many a canoeist's dream of paddling through the wilds of northern Canada has been the difficulty of getting a canoe into the country and out again. The Hudson's Bay Company has solved it. It is willing to put you in the paddler's seat. The company has established a U-Paddle Canoe Rental Service at five of its 225 northern trading posts and in time hopes to have rental canoes at all of them. The canoeist may pick up his craft at one store and turn it in at another, just as one may do with some car rental services.

For $25 a week the would-be voyageur gets a 17-foot, 75-pound Grumman aluminum canoe with keel, equipped with white-ash paddles and a carrying yoke. These may be picked up in Yellowknife, Waterways, Ile à la Crosse, La Ronge and Norway House. Canoes also will be kept in Winnipeg, which is to be a centralized distributing point for the northern Manitoba area. The Winnipeg office will deliver your canoe by rail or plane to the starting point of your choice. Expert advice in wilderness living will be available, as well as food supplies and letters of credit for additional provisions in the country.

The company already has made some reservations. One party will set out from Norway House, on the northern extreme of Lake Winnipeg, and follow the Nelson River to York Factory at the river's mouth on Hudson's Bay, an expedition that might take two or three weeks. Along the way: excellent fishing for speckled trout, northern pike, pickerel and even some sturgeon.

TRIAL BY ORDEAL

It will be some weeks before Cassius X Clay knows whether, on the basis of aptitude tests he took last week, the Army wants to take a chance on him as a fighting man. In the meantime he knows he has been in a fight. He was put through 2½ hours of rigorous mental examination and emerged thoroughly fatigued. To give an idea of what he had to endure, here is what, sprawled wearily on his living room sofa, he had to say:

"That test was tough. Tougher than the first one. Man, I am tired, but I did my best. I don't want anybody to think I'm crazy. I remember one problem went like this: There are 12 bushels of apples. They cost $10 each. You buy them, but before you do, you take a third of the apples out of each bushel. How much do you pay for the apples?

"After scratching around 10 or 15 minutes on paper—I never was much good at figuring—I think I got the answer. But then a guy came by, took that test out of my hand and gave me another one. When I looked down on the test he took from me, there still was a whole long row of questions I didn't answer."

THE CONTINENTAL LOOK

The Tokyo Olympics will be bigger than ever. The U.S. may send a squad of 380, the largest in our history. To some this trend has begun to seem unwieldy and so on European television this Sunday a proposal will be made for a new, slim look in the Olympics. Athletes from the Inner Six (France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg) will be shown performing to a background score that will include something from Bach, the gavotte *Amaryllis* by Louis XIII, Philippe Gerard's *Cha Cha Cha du Coeur*, and Stan Kenton. As the athletes run and jump and the music plays, the film presents the provocative proposal that, instead of national teams, future Olympics be composed of highly selective, numerically controlled teams representing Europe

continued



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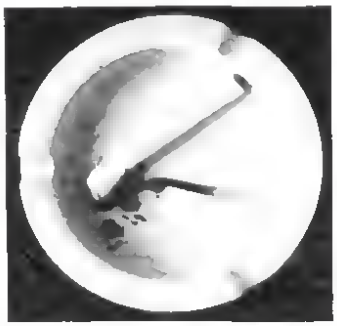
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(30 years old)

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against teams from the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., which now have come to dominate the games.

Thus, the Olympics, which began as games in which individuals competed against individuals, then changed to competition among nations, might progress to battles of the continents (in which some of those borderline neutrals would have to make a definite choice). The ultimate, of course, would be a war of the hemispheres, East and West.

THE HIP SHOOTERS

A certain rough justice has given acceptance to horse racing's rule that the trainer is responsible for every irregularity—such as doping—that is discovered in his horses. But the justice is often rougher than need requires. Trainers have been embarrassed unnecessarily by mandatory suspensions when, in fact, they were innocent. Now Horatio Luro, the dashing Latino who trains Northern Dancer, one of the Kentucky Derby favorites, has been the victim of another cruel comedy of errors. Luro was suspended after one of his horses, Gay Lothario, turned up with a positive urinalysis at Gulfstream Park. Eventually, Luro was held blameless and reinstated, and his veterinarian, who had administered the drug as an antibiotic, was fined $200—for appearance's sake, perhaps.

When the National Association of State Racing Commissioners meets in June, it might well consider adopting rules like those of New York and some other states, where suspension of a trainer is not automatically mandatory, even when his horse has clearly been doped. In New York, the discretion of the stewards, after full investigation, prevails. It ought to prevail at all tracks, provided the stewards always remember that a trainer can be guilty through negligence as much as through conniving.

THEY SAID IT

• Chick Davies, former Duquesne basketball coach, "I'd rather play a pinball machine than watch a basketball game today. You can score the same number of points."

• Emile Griffith, after his no-contest bout with Juan Duran in Rome: "The referee hit me more than Duran did. The referee couldn't speak English, and he kept slapping me on the forehead to get my attention."

END

When Disraeli closed his door, England made history.

Thoughts on First Class travel—a series by American Airlines.



10 Downing Street. Where he ran England.

The new prime minister was an enigma.

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[He rebuilt his party, bought England the Suez Canal and had Queen Victoria crowned Empress of India.]

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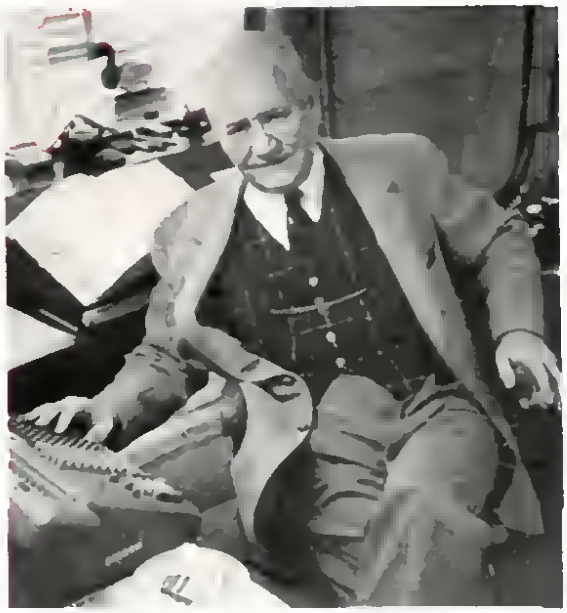
If it's not exactly a closed door, it does have the same effect.

[Incidentally, first class is now within reach of any businessman. Coast to coast, for example, it is only $15.80 more than coach.]

We should add that every American Airlines Astrojet is a fan-jet, with 30% more power than ordinary jets. All have a first class section. In case the work can't wait until you come back down to earth.

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 23, 1964

BASEBALL IS



The sacrifice bunt should never be used

Scientist Earnshaw Cook (left) *refutes*

by FRANK DEFORD

Earnshaw Cook's formal association with baseball ended years ago when he played his last college game. Though he was a .300 hitter, Cook never became a household name among baseball fans. Right now, however, Earnshaw Cook knows more about baseball than anyone else in the world. He is completing the fourth year of a comprehensive study, applying probability theory to a mathematical analysis of baseball, examining and dissecting the game to a degree never even approached before.

Baseball has long been heckled by screwballs with nutty theories, but Cook is not one of them. He has had a long and distinguished career as a metallurgist, part of it as a consultant to the Manhattan (atom bomb) Project. Nevertheless, baseball officials hesitate to consider his findings, and for a very good reason: if he is right, they have been playing the game all wrong for years. The revolutionary fact Cook has discovered is that nobody has ever played percentage baseball, because nobody has ever known the true percentages. If anyone did, says Cook, he could manage any .500 team into a pennant winner.

Cook devotes his full working time to his project, and his opus—*Percentage Baseball*—will be published this summer (Waverly Press, Inc., 428 East Preston Street, Baltimore, $10.50). He is constantly updating the data and has just completed a study of the 1963 season, during which he analyzed the considerable effect of the change in the size of the strike zone. (The new zone affected statistics up to 15%—an amazing shift in a game that prides itself on stability.) Unfortunately, says Cook, the one thing the new zone did not change at all was the home run ratio, which it was supposed to cut down.

There is very little about baseball that has escaped the study. One whole chapter, for example, is devoted to the foul-fly option, something that occurs probably no more than a dozen times a major league season. Cook's office is in his Baltimore home, and it is a cataloged clutter of issues of *The Sporting News* and *Baseball Register*, piles of statistics and encyclopedias. Cook sits amidst this, between a typewriter and an electric calculating machine (he outdistanced a slide rule early in the study). He does most of the work himself but is assisted by Wendell Garner, chairman of the Department of Psychology at Johns Hopkins University, who has specialized in a mathematical approach to his profession. Both men are astute baseball fans and their knowledge and enthusiasm for the game have led them into areas that might well have been overlooked by less interested observers.

That baseball lends itself to description by numbers has always been evident from the welter of statistics that surround it. But what has never been fully recognized—or at least utilized—is the fact that, because it is basically a repetitive situation of batter vs. pitcher, baseball alone of all athletic contests is extremely susceptible to mathematical analysis. (There are more possibilities to consider in a single football play than in a whole baseball game.)

Some baseball officials who have

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PLAYED ALL WRONG

Relief pitchers should start

Players should hit strictly in order of their ability

The baseball is lopsided anyway

many of the notions managers quote as gospel His revolutionary findings, including these four are explained below

learned of Cook's work try to humor him. The home-town Orioles, for example, supply him with statistics but not with encouragement. Lee Allen of the Hall of Fame and James T. Gallagher, Commissioner Ford Frick's first assistant, have inspected Cook's figures Bob Carpenter, the owner of the Phillies, expressed some curiosity, and before the start of last season Cook computed the likely performance of the then seventh-place Phillies. He said they would finish with a winning percentage of .525. The Phils finished .537.

When the Orioles were in first place last June, Cook made the prediction for a local paper that they would, alas, finish fourth, behind, in order, New York, Chicago and Minnesota. The Orioles finished the season fourth, behind, in order, New York, Chicago and Minnesota, and people in Baltimore said Cook had jinxed their team.

Actually, Cook does not like to make predictions, for even 162 games do not provide enough of what mathematicians call "events" to insure the "right" conclusions. To suggest, then, that a seven-game World Series can decide which is the better team is pure fancy, Cook insists. (Last year Cook's odds were 9–7 that the Yankees would win.) His figures also indicate, despite popular opinion, that the two leagues are remarkably even, though the American League is more unbalanced within itself. On this basis, Cook calculates that the Dodgers would have finished fourth if they had played last year in the American League, behind the Yankees, White Sox and Twins. Moreover, he says, there is hope for a tighter American League race this year because Chicago and Minnesota were closer to the Yankees in significant statistics than the final standings would indicate. The difference, Cook says, was something he calls the K.2 factor. This is a combination of one-run games, clutch hitting, men left on base and managerial decisions. The Twins and White Sox both had exceptionally high K.2 factors—which is bad. The Yankees, as usual, had a low one. Both Cook and Garner are amazed at the consistency of the Yankees. "The Yankees are like Bobby Jones," Cook says. "They just play par golf and let everyone else beat themselves. The figures show it every year."

One of the foundation stones of Cook's study is his so-called Scoring Index. This is a measure of a player's offensive performance that makes all traditional criteria—batting average, RBIs, slugging average—as obsolete as the St. Louis Browns. The scoring index takes into consideration every aspect of the batter's play—hits, stolen bases, total bases, walks, etc.—rather than just one phase of his effort. The first team to use the scoring index, Cook believes, would have a big edge over its competitors. The index takes almost all of the guesswork out of player appraisal, both for trading purposes and for deciding which players to start. By Cook's calculations, Cobb and Ruth have the highest scoring indexes of all time. Though they are acknowledged the two greatest offensive players in history, they stand one-two in absolutely no existing, approved

continued

offensive ranking. The scoring index provides the first method for showing mathematically what everyone has always accepted but could not prove. Following are the alltime top 10 according to Cook (.0911 was the 1950–60 average scoring index):

1) Cobb .2161; 2) Ruth .2109, 3) Williams .1962; 4) Gehrig .1828; 5) Mantle .1743; 6) Foxx .1740, 7) Hornsby .1738, 8) Mays .1712; 9) Greenberg .1610, 10) DiMaggio .1566

Among active players, Henry Aaron is closest to the top 10 with a lifetime .1478 index. Last year Aaron led the National League with .1709; Willie Mays was second at .1525. In the American it was Carl Yastrzemski, .1465, Al Kaline, .1449

The other cornerstone of Cook's work is the base-scoring equations. These rest on 750,000 actual situations that occurred over 10 years of major league play. They show the chances of scoring from each base and from home plate for each number of outs.

CHANCES OF SCORING

Outs	0	1	2
At Bat	.1589	.1140	.0684
From 1st	.4276	.2871	.1391
From 2nd	.5976	.4505	.2561
From 3rd	.6972	.5355	.3153

What the above figures prove is that, with two out and no one on base, the batter's chances of scoring are less than seven in 100. With no outs and a man on third, the runner's chances of scoring are almost 70 out of 100.

The base-scoring equations and scoring index thus make it possible to play real percentage baseball for the first time. Managers have long been playing what they thought was percentage baseball, but nobody had ever bothered to figure out the percentages. The first manager who starts playing the proved percentages, Cook says, can gain about 250 extra runs for his team in one season. He writes: "Such are the operations of the laws of chance that any professional manager with the intelligence and courage to learn and practice sound percentage baseball before it receives general application could very probably finish in first place with any high second-division ball club."

Here are the four easy, double-your-money-back steps that will bring 250 extra runs and a pennant to Cleveland or Philadelphia or Chicago or Baltimore or Milwaukee:

1) Never sacrifice. Consult the base-scoring equations again. Notice the chances of scoring from first base with no out—.4276; and from second base with one out—.4505. Thus, if you sacrifice to move up the man from first, and the sacrifice works, his chances of scoring have improved by only .0229, or about 2%. Considering that the very worst batters find some way to get on base almost 25% of the time, the out is wasted. It would be necessary to successfully complete the sacrifice on 95% of the attempts—74% is the average—just to break even against letting the man at bat hit away. Sacrificing a man from second to third is ridiculous simply on the face of the run-scoring equations, without going into subtleties. If the lead-off man doubles, he has a 60% chance to score. Sacrifice him to third and you have "helped" his chances down to 54%. "There are two primary objects in baseball," Cook says. "The first is to score runs. And the second is *not* to make outs." Ergo, if you, as a major league manager, do not sacrifice, your team will score 50 more runs in 1964 than it did last year.

The percentages do not, however, militate against all tight baseball. In fact, Cook's figures say that the odds for successfully stealing bases are very much in favor of the offensive team, and that both the steal and the hit-and-run should be employed a great deal more than they are now. If he is successful only 60% of the time, a base stealer will still do better than he would by holding his base while the batter hits away. Having a base runner going with the pitch is so advantageous that in many cases, even if the man on first is so slow that his chances of stealing are zero, it is still worth trying the hit-and-run.

2) Use the so-called "Bobby Bragan Lineup." Bragan, the incumbent Milwaukee manager, experimented with this lineup briefly while he was at Pittsburgh with a last-place team. The idea is painfully simple: just bat your hitters in order of their excellence, with your best hitter first—rather than third, as is traditional—your second-best hitter second and so on. This will produce 11 extra runs a year.

3) Properly evaluate and play your eight most productive hitters. In other words, use the scoring index and do not platoon; stay with your best. If you have worked out refined scoring indexes for specific situations, such as how certain players perform against right- or left-handed pitchers, platooning may be utilized. The point, Cook says, is that platooning is too often the product of pure whimsy or a manifestation of the manager's attempt to demonstrate his personal genius. Present devil-may-care platooning costs a team up to 125 runs a season. The average is 75.

4) Platoon your pitchers. This is Cook's most controversial point but it also is the most important. It can result in 113 additional runs a year, and all that it requires is that pitchers be used in a different order from the one followed at present. It would also force the admission that the complete game is an anachronism and no longer worth striving for. As it is now, three out of four starting pitchers not only *do not* finish the game, but they do not last over six innings.

Under Cook's plan, nothing would change except the rotation. A "relief" pitcher would start and go the first two or three innings, leaving the game the first time he is scheduled to bat. The second pitcher would go the longest stretch, about five innings, being permitted to hit once for himself if his team is more than two runs ahead (49.7% of all games are decided by two runs or less). Except for the five or six exceptionally good-hitting pitchers, no pitcher would be allowed to bat more than once. "The laws of chance require that he will have to be removed anyway when it is less expedient—in the middle of an inning," Cook says. Late in the game no pitcher ever would be allowed to hit. "It is absolutely criminal," Wendell Garner says, "to permit any pitcher to bat after the fifth inning."

"This plan of rotation," Cook explains, "gets more of the better hitters in the game, and it takes pitchers out of the game before they are forced out." Cook has a schedule for a 10-man staff to refute those who think that this plan would impose an impossible burden on human arms, even if it is mathematically sound. Garner is even less disturbed by such a complaint. "You can get two good relievers in trade for a good starter anyway. A whole staff of relievers—Baldschun, Miller, Wilhelm and so on—

w uld not only be a good staff, but it would be tremendously flexible."

Take the 113 runs you get from changing the pitching rotation. Add it to the 50 for not sacrificing, 11 for Bragan's lineup and 75 for not platooning without proper player evaluation. The total is 249 runs. Now, do you have a favorite *team*? Take those 249 *runs and* add them to the number of runs your team scored last season. Divide that total by the number of runs made against your team by the opponents. You are figuring out what Cook calls a Scoring Ratio. Finally, divide the scoring ratio in half. This will give you the percentage of victories your team should have for 1964, if it performs the same way it did last year in every detail except that it plays true percentage baseball. Is this last figure .626 or over? If it is, you should have a pennant winner.

It is not Cook's intention to ridicule the game or show up the managers. Without any condescension he merely states that managers have never had access to the true percentage figures, so they cannot be faulted for not playing by them. But he hopes they do soon because he is a lifelong and dedicated fan.

It therefore disturbed him when he discovered something odd about the baseball itself. A lot of people have talked about the baseball for 40 years, weighing it and dropping it and squeezing it and ripping it all to pieces to examine it. But it never, apparently, occurred to anyone but Earnshaw Cook that a baseball might be lopsided. One day, simply out of curiosity, Cook floated a batch of official baseballs in a bowl of mercury, and sure enough, on each baseball a heavy side rotated to the bottom. Each one was lopsided to the same significant degree. Cook—good, loyal, steadfast fan that he is—reported his findings to the commissioner's office. The commissioner's office took the matter under advisement—which is where the matter stands now.

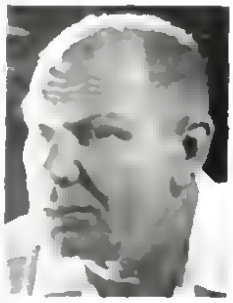
Someday the office will straighten out all its baseballs. And someday too, Cook dreams, a team will stop sacrificing and will rotate pitchers the proper way and use the scoring index and the base-scoring equations . . . and it will win a pennant. Then, of course, every major league team will try it. And so, finally, Earnshaw Cook will have made baseball a better game, which is all in the world that he really wants to do.

THE PROFESSIONAL OPINION IS MIXED



Walter Alston

A few of baseball's most imaginative tacticians have received Cook's revolutionary ideas with at least a well-what-do-you-know-about-*that* sort of interest. Walter Alston says, "If these figures are correct, Cook must have something. Sometimes we get in the habit of following the book, and maybe we are not really certain what the book actually is. Maybe we've just been playing what we assumed was the proper way." Paul Richards adds: "It would be a mistake to just brush off something like this." Understandably, Alston was not at all inclined to brush off the mathematical approbation that base-stealing receives. "I think," said the manager of Maury Wills and Willie Davis, "that we came around to that idea pretty good by ourselves." Alston, Richards and Bill Veeck all applaud the exposure of the sacrifice bunt. Says Richards, "When Cook says the sacrifice is the most overrated tactic in baseball he's right. The defense against the bunt in obvious situations has become so proficient as to make the value of it negligible. When you sacrifice, you are giving away one third of your inning. Too often you end up with your hitters bunting and your bunters hitting." On Bobby Bragan's inverted lineup, however, opinion is mixed. Says Bragan himself, "Except for the first inning, no manager can control a lineup. I'd like Hank Aaron to hit after Felipe Alou and Lee Maye, but after the first inning there is no guarantee that this will happen again. Granted, batting Aaron first means that he has to come up at least 162 times a year with nobody but himself to drive in. On the other hand, it also means there are 162 times that Aaron will not be walked intentionally." Frank Lane admits that Bragan "has a little something there," but insists he "likes to stick a little speed into the top of the order and a considerable amount of speed into the eighth position." Alston is emphatic: "I can't see it. I'd hate to see Tommy Davis leading off and Maury Wills batting cleanup." Alston also does not approve of Cook's theory of rotating pitchers. "I think you would need a staff of about 15 for this," he says. Richards goes further: "Obviously the remarks of an amateur who knows nothing about the strange ways of a pitcher's arm. One inning can be just as wearing as nine. Try that procedure, and about the Fourth of July you'd have 10 pitchers with their arms hanging in shreds." Veeck is high on one aspect of the pitching plan, though. "By all means," he says, "get the pitcher out of there. I just want to speed up the game and eliminate the dead air. If you take a pitcher out during the inning, it slows up the game. Take him out between innings and it perks things up—makes it interesting for the fans."



Bill Veeck



Paul Richards

HIS HOPES HANG BY AN ANKLE



As he urges Michigan to victory over Ohio University, Coach Dave Strack worries about his star's injured foot Cazzie Russell's condition will be the decisive factor in the team's performance at Kansas City, where Michigan, Duke, Kansas State and UCLA meet for the National Collegiate basketball championship

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

"Everything we do," says Michigan Basketball Coach Dave Strack (*above*), "is keyed on Cazzie Russell." And what Michigan has managed to do so far this season is win 22, lose four and get to the semifinal round of the NCAA tournament in Kansas City. There it will meet Duke, and everything it does in *that* game depends on the doubtful state of Cazzie Russell's ankle (*opposite*).

The coach of the Duke team, Vic Bubas, is a man who allows himself no doubts at all. He is a vigorously positive thinker who will not touch uncomplimentary mail with a 10-foot letter opener. Occasionally, however, a subversive note gets through his guard, like the recent series of postcards from a room-and-board man at a nearby state mental institution. The man pointed out to Vic the blunders he was making with the Duke team, the team Bubas says—without a doubt—is of championship quality. Last week, before the NCAA regionals at Raleigh, the man closed his serial essay with a final postcard, saying, "O.K., Bubas, I've got you this far. Now you're on your own."

On his own and doing fine, thank you, Bubas and his Blue Devils swept through the tournament at Raleigh without missing a step. Hack Tison, the 6-foot-10 forward and highest stepper of all, leaped two rows into the stands on the final exhilarating night—Duke 101, Connecticut 54—to wrest the game ball from an opportunistic fan and later declared he was playing with "a great team, man, a great team." Duke Captain Jeff Mullins was endorsed as a player who could do no wrong, and could do right like no other player. "Going to Kansas City," No. 1 tune on the Duke locker-room hit parade for some time, twirled redundantly on the phonograph. It was suddenly quite clear that it is not postcard insanity to believe that the Blue Devils *are* of national-championship quality.

In the way of proving it, they are going to Kansas City this weekend along with the two best teams in the nation by popular vote: UCLA, still undefeated after 28 games and several miracle escapes, and Michigan, still the toughest bully on any block. The fourth qualifier after regional eliminations is the only one that did not figure. Kansas State,

None of the four has ever won a national championship, and only Duke made it this far last year. UCLA appeared as a semifinalist in 1962, Kansas State in 1958 and Michigan would rather not discuss it. (Michigan basketball was formerly underprivileged.) The Wolverines, nevertheless, have unequivocal credits this year: they knocked off defending champion Loyola 84–80 in the regionals at Minneapolis last week, and Duke will remember them from December when they crushed the Blue Devils 83–67 at Ann Arbor. Should Michigan repeat over Duke in Friday night's first game and UCLA repeat its 78–75 December triumph over Kansas State, form will have been served and UCLA will play Michigan for the championship on Saturday. UCLA can then do away with any doubts about its 18-point victory over Michigan in December and satisfy the wish of Coach Strack, who says he has just been dying for a rematch.

But man cannot live on form charts alone, else he lose his shirt and get heartburn when the Loyolas of the world rise up and beat the favored Cincinnatis, as they did at Louisville last year. Duke is not the same medium-soft touch it was in December. Bubas has long quit experimenting with his lineup, and Mullins, smoother of execution than a man has a right to be and still be mostly gristle, looks now like the best college player in the country, all abilities considered.

Normally this would make Duke just that much more appetizing for Michigan's carnivores, except for the factor of jazzy Cazzie Russell's damaged right ankle and heel. Jammed in February when he collided with teammate Bob Cantrell, Russell's ankle is swollen and aching (there are bone chips and torn ligaments) and has responded to ice packs and to Cazzie's "few prayers" only reluctantly. He plays at two-thirds capacity. Cazzie Russell at two-thirds capacity is still better than most (he has only been averaging 25 points a game since the accident), but he cannot cut nearly as sharply and he is not rebounding as well.

In the dressing room after Michigan's 69–57 victory over Ohio in the regional final at Minneapolis, Russell sat studying the tape on his injured member. "Man, I wanted to jump," he said, "and I wanted to run, but I couldn't. I couldn't even get tired. I can usually lose my man –

continued



In locker room after Ohio game Russell shows his heavily taped ankle to Michigan teammate.

you know, throw a fake, then disappear. But now I throw a fake and my man is still hounding me. And on defense. Oh, man, it's embarrassing. You know, I'm not the best defensive player when I'm healthy, but now . . ."

Michigan power is still a big, bold item, however, and it was in ample evidence at Minneapolis, where the Mideast Regionals had a glittering field, including Loyola and Kentucky—and inexplicably attracted fewer people than the state high school tournament in the same arena three days before.

Michigan Center Bill Buntin terrorized defending champion Loyola. At one point Loyola's Ron Miller drove for a shot and Buntin slammed it down his throat. Loyola's Les Hunter got the rebound, put it up and Buntin slammed it down *his* throat. Miller got it again and Larry Tregoning slammed it away.

Michigan muscled up on the backboards like a mob on a fire escape and thus stymied the Loyola fast break. Guard Bob Cantrell, born to be a mustard plaster, went everywhere with Loyola playmaker Jack Egan except to the men's room, and though Russell, subdued in the low post, scored only four points, Michigan led 43-36 at half time. When Loyola threatened in the second half, Coach Strack switched to a zone defense and Michigan held on—barely.

Ohio, meanwhile, caught Kentucky looking toward Kansas City, and routed Adolph Rupp's team 85-69. Rupp's 1-3-1 zone was shattered in the first half by excellent Ohio ball handling, and All-America Cotton Nash was embarrassingly hoxed out for the entire game.

Russell came back to score 25 as Michigan beat Ohio in the final but, ominously, strongman Buntin was held to 15 by 6-foot-4 Don Hilt, and Tregoning and Oliver Darden got only nine points between them. Strack fidgeted so much on the Michigan bench that he arrived in the dressing room with a huge hole in his pants. He was unabashed. "There is no limit to the number of pants I am willing to sacrifice to get the championship," he said.

Duke's only real competition at Raleigh was Villanova, and the magnificent Mullins took care of Villanova in 20 minutes. "Pressure!" called Villanova Coach Jack Kraft to his Wildcats, for that is their game, but it was Mullins who answered back. He made 18 of Duke's first 30 points. He stole the ball six times for easy layups ("I didn't believe anybody could do that to us," said Kraft), held Villanova high scorer Richie Moore to eight points, wound up with 43 points himself and Duke won 87-73. Mullins made baskets from everywhere but the mezzanine, and as a concession to a dream of every sandlotter in the place, banked in a two-hander from midcourt at the half-time buzzer.

For Duke the next night it was Connecticut, a team coached by Bubas' assistant from last year, Fred Shabel. Shabel is a great admirer of Bubas. Bubas is a great admirer of going to Kansas City. "There is just one team in our way," he told the Blue Devils. "It doesn't matter who's the coach." So Mullins scored 30 and Duke won by 47.

Duke will start a taller front line than Michigan in Kansas City. Tison, in fact, was touted as a 7-footer as a freshman, "but he developed a 7-footer's complex," says a Duke man, "and went around slumping. So we measured him down to 6 feet 10." But neither the ebullient Tison nor Buckley has the raw power of the Michigan front line. Mullins, at 6 feet 4, is Duke's best rebounder.

Duke is more experienced and is familiar with the pressure it will find waiting in Kansas City, and these things will matter. Duke also handles the ball better and its guards are better outside shooters. This will *not* matter if Russell is 100%, Cazzie.

Bubas admits to a tactical error the first time Duke played Michigan. He ordered a slowdown. Michigan tore down the slowdown. "We ran and hid," says Bubas. "But not this time. This time we come out swinging."

Everybody has been swinging at UCLA for some time now, but the fate of those who do is predictable because UCLA always swings back. In the Far West Regionals at Corvallis, the Bruins of Coach John Wooden pressed from the opening buzzer and won over Seattle 95-90. It was hardly one-sided, but it was typical UCLA—a lot of hands, hustle and Walt Hazzard, who scored 26 points.

UCLA had more trouble the next night against San Francisco, which was riding a 19-game winning streak. The Dons slowed the tempo, controlled the ball and as UCLA's shots trickled off



Spread-eagled in midair, Kansas State's Willie Murrell tries to block a pass by Wichita's John Criss during State victory



the rim San Francisco twice pushed to 13-point leads. The Dons have 6-foot-8 Ollie Johnson, and helpers at 6 feet 6, 6 feet 7 and 6 feet 8, and in their deep shadows men grow pale when they are men of UCLA's size (the Bruins' largest is Fred Slaughter, 6 feet 5). Wooden was undisturbed. "We'll be all right as soon as our shots start dropping," he said.

Sure enough, UCLA got all right. Hazzard scored 14 points in the last 14 minutes and UCLA won 76–72. "They're the best," said San Francisco Coach Pete Peletta.

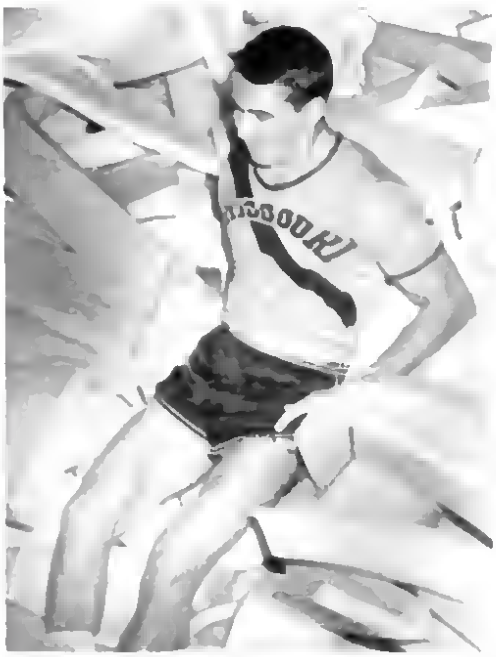
At Wichita, Texas Western Coach Don Haskins had no trouble saying an unkind word in Kansas State's behalf. "Wichita," said Haskins after his team lost to State 64–60, "will cut Kansas State to shreds. Murrell will never be able to keep up with Stallworth."

That is the kind of talk the 10,815 fans in the huge circular arena were waiting to hear. Already they had heard Wichita Coach Ralph Miller say how Kansas State had been ducking his team all these years and State's Tex Winter say how the Missouri Valley Conference is "overrated" and vice versa.

But Wichita did not tear Kansas State to shreds. Not even a little. Winter, expectedly, used his 1-3-1 zone and forced Wichita to shoot from outside. Offensively, he countered the Wichita press with an unexpected and blazing fast break. Twice Willie Murrell drove by Dave Stallworth for easy layups, and, presto, Kansas State was ahead 46–33 at half time. Thereafter it was give and take, and State took, 94–86.

The 1-3-1 zone that choked off Wichita will not bother UCLA because Hazzard and Gail Goodrich can run it from outside. Too, Winter will admit his team lacks the playmaking and ball-handling abilities of UCLA. The Bruins will end Winter's winning streak at 13 straight and Tex can send his lucky brown suit to the cleaners.

A UCLA-Duke final, like a UCLA-Michigan final, would be tough little guys against big guys. Wooden was asked not long ago if he thought his team could go through undefeated. He said, "No," emphatically. Since then he has not been asked the question. But he says even now if they lost he would still be immensely proud. Duke should see to it that they do lose. Providing Cazzie Russell's prayers and ice packs do not first see to Duke. **END**





Going Going Gone!

A Missouri pole vaulter named Bill Youngar was falling through space the other day when, sole mio, he was swallowad aliva in threa bitas by what seemed a giant plataful of man-eating linguina. Younger's science-fiction pasta was 500 pounds of plastic foam, which had replaced sawdust in the landing pit.





A TOUCH OF GOLD IN THE SADDLE

Gentle Johnny Rotz, the brilliant little man who won more than 25 times his weight in precious metal last year, is off and riding for the top again

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK ZAGARINO

by GERALD HOLLAND

Johnny Rotz is 29 years old and weighs 112 pounds. In 1963, not his best year, he earned $56,410 more as a jockey than Mickey Mantle did as a ballplayer.

One bright morning during the early days of the meeting at Hialeah last month, Johnny came sauntering along near the paddock with his new agent, Bud Aime. Ordinarily Johnny does not come out to the track in the mornings unless an owner or trainer specifically asks him to work a horse. But this day Johnny and Aime had some business to discuss and some horses to look at as they were ridden in the morning workouts.

They stopped and talked earnestly for a moment, Johnny looking up at Aime, a big man. They had things to talk about, for a jockey's agent is a sort of sales manager. He represents only one rider but may also handle one apprentice. His job is to study the condition book, watch workouts, contact trainers of mounts he believes best for his boy. For these services he is paid a percentage of a jockey's gross earnings, usually about 20% for handling a top rider.

Johnny had not yet ridden a winner in 1964. He had taken a vacation after Aqueduct closed last December. He returned to riding during the last days at Tropical, and when Hialeah opened he began getting three or four mounts every day. Now, as he talked to Bud Aime, Johnny looked at the papers Aime was exhibiting and nodded. After a moment they parted, Aime hurrying off to the stable area and Johnny walking over and sitting down in a lawn chair outside the jockeys' room to pick up a conversation where it had left off a little while before.

"Of course," he said, his face relaxing into a puckish smile (*opposite*), "I guess I should have said my first mount was the pony my father gave me, on my eighth birthday, back on the farm near Warrensburg, Ill. That pony and the fact that I was small made me decide to try to become a jockey. My first real mounts were quarter horses and an occasional Thoroughbred in the fairs around Illinois. I started riding in the fairs when I was 13 and rode the circuit until I graduated from high school. You got $5 for a mount and $10 for a winner, provided you could catch the owner. My father approved of my ambition. In fact, he took me to the Fairmount track, near St. Louis, to help me look for a job. We went from stall to stall and finally met a trainer named W. W. Morrow. He looked me over and said he could use a boy to walk hots and do other chores around the stables. I learned a lot from Mr. Morrow before I went on up to Chicago and started working for Mr. Harry Trotsek. He took me down to Kentucky to break yearlings, and when I was 18, he gave me my first mount as an apprentice rider. That was May 1953. A year later I lost the bug [the asterisk that denotes an apprentice in the race charts]." *continued*

Harry Trotsek—Ken Church, John Heckmann, the Cook boys, John Sellers and Johnny Rotz. What was Trotsek's secret? What did he teach his boys about riding that made them all standouts among the top jockeys?

Johnny Rotz threw a leg over the arm of his chair. "Well, as I see it now," he said, "Mr. Trotsek taught you more about living than he did about riding. He could be pretty strict, and I suppose if you lived the way he taught you you would just naturally ride better. Mr. Trotsek is a wonderful man, a real gentleman, a great horseman."



ROTZ AND AGENT AIME DISCUSS FUTURE MOUNTS BETWEEN RACES AT HIALEAH

Did he ever dream, back in those days, that he would be riding in all the big stakes—the Flamingo, the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont and the other $100,000 races?

"I didn't dream I'd be just riding in them," Johnny said. "I dreamed I'd be winning them all. Every young rider's hero was Eddie Arcaro, who had won the Triple Crown on Citation in 1948. No horse has won it since. Let's see, 1948—I was just 13 years old at the time. If Eddie Arcaro could do it, I didn't see why I couldn't do it. Now remember, I said I was 13 at the time.

"I've had three Kentucky Derby mounts. Of course, that's the big one every jockey dreams of winning. So far, my favorite race is the 1962 Preakness—the only leg I've won on the Triple Crown. I won that Preakness on Greek Money, and I'll never forget the instructions I got from Buddy Raines, the trainer. Buddy said to me, 'Johnny, go out and ride him as if you owned him.' That was all. Now those are the kind of instructions I like to get."

That 1962 Preakness was the one in which Manuel Yeaza was on Ridan and claimed interference. But the films showed that he had leaned over and shot his left elbow squarely into Johnny's chest. Rotz shook his head. "Yeaza never touched me. His elbow was out there, all right, and I was riding right into it, but then the horses bumped and separated. There was no physical contact between Yeaza's elbow and my chest."

He looked at his watch. "I got to get home now," he said, "and be back here about one o'clock. I'll be free right after the last race."

Does he ever take a drink after he gets through for the day?

"Yes, I do," said Johnny.

How about this new place down near the airport? Lenny's Hide-A-Way? Tommy Roberts, the television broadcaster, does a radio show from there every evening. Buddy Jacobson, the trainer, was on Tommy's show last night, and he said jockeys are overrated, overpublicized and overpaid. He said any one of a dozen competent riders can win on a horse if he is ready to run and is in company where he belongs, that when a fit horse gets beat, the jockey deserves 90% of the blame.

Johnny grinned and nodded. "Lenny's Hide-A-Way about 6:30." He shook hands and left.

There was plenty of time now to visit around Hialeah and bring up the subject of Johnny Rotz with some of the people who knew him well.

Jimmy Jones, trainer for Calumet Farm, was sitting in the cramped cubbyhole that serves him as an office in Calumet's barn. He put down his *Morning Telegraph* and, after pondering a moment, said:

"I judge riders in somewhat the same way that I judge horses and, in the case of Johnny Rotz, the first horse that comes to mind is Citation, Calumet's great Triple Crown winner. You could ship Citation anywhere, run him over any distance, under any track conditions, and count on him to give you the very best race that was in him. Now, I would put Johnny Rotz in the same general category. He is not flashy, but he is dependable under any and all conditions. He has character and integrity. He has a nice personality. Polite and well-spoken. He is bright, he is intelligent, he is alert and quick to take advantage or make the best of some unforeseen development in a race. I don't see a weak spot. I would put him right up there with the top riders of today. He rides good solid races. I don't load a boy like Johnny down with too many instructions, and I value his own opinions before and after a race. As I say, he puts me in mind of Citation. At least, that was my first reaction to the mention of his name, although I must say that I have never thought of Johnny Rotz in connection with Citation before this moment. But there you are."

Jimmy Jones cocked his head in the direction of a calendar on the wall. He seemed to be thinking hard in extension of his off-the-cuff remarks. (Johnny Rotz had not yet ridden for Calumet in 1964, but a few days later Jones put him on Princess Arle, and Johnny won the Virgin Islands Purse for fillies and mares, paying $27.60.)

Down the line from the Calumet barn Harry Trotsek, trainer for Hasty House, the man who had given Johnny Rotz his first mount, had finished his morning routine.

"I knew Johnny would make the grade when he first started riding for me as an apprentice in Chicago," said Trotsek, a benign, fatherly-looking man. "He had natural ability and good manners. Good manners are a plus for a boy just starting to ride. With Johnny, they were unaffected, the result of a good upbringing in a good farm home." Trotsek chuckled. "I recall that Johnny had a jeep.

continued

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I believe he used to sleep in it when he was riding from fair to fair in Illinois. The first order I gave him when he came to work for me in Chicago was to get rid of that jeep. He was only about 17 years old at the time, and I didn't want him jeeping around Chicago and maybe getting himself hurt. He put up a mild little fuss, but he wanted to ride horses more than he wanted to drive a jeep, so he got rid of it. Well, sir, Johnny came along fine, and he won quite a few nice races as an apprentice. When he lost his bug and the weight allowance that goes with it, he didn't win as frequently for a while, but pretty soon he was going fine in Florida and New York."

At the Harbor View Farm barn, Burley Parke, trainer for Owner Louis Wolfson, was asked to speak on the same subject just as he was preparing to take out a final set of horses for their workouts. "Johnny Rotz," said Burley Parke with one foot in the stirrup, "is a good boy, a good horseman, a good thinker. He was on Roman Brother when he won the Champagne Stakes last year at Aqueduct. Johnny rode Roman Brother six times as a 2-year-old, won four times and was second twice."

Would it be fair to assume, Parke was asked, that Johnny Rotz would be riding Roman Brother in some of the 1964 stakes and, all being well, ride him in the Kentucky Derby?

"No," said Parke, "we are going to use Ycaza all the way." He swung up on his pony. "I suppose people want to know why we switched to Ycaza," he said. "Well, I can't discuss that just now. It is a little involved."

When things seem "a little involved" around a racetrack, the quickest way to find some sort of clue as to what is going on is at the track kitchen. The matter was taken up with a red-faced man-about-the-barns as he eyed a plate of eggs. What was to be made of the fact that Johnny Rotz had not had a winner for some time?

The red-faced man slashed at his eggs, destroying them utterly. He gulped down his coffee, lit up a cigarette, pondering the proposition as he tapped his ashes into his plate as elegantly as a clubman.

"What is the old maxim," he mused, staring up at the ceiling, "that used to hang on barbershop walls? If memory serves, it said, 'Oh, it's easy enough to be pleasant when life goes along like a

continued



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song. But the man worthwhile is the man who can smile when everything seems to go wrong—dead wrong. Now, there is Johnny Rotz for you. Still looking for his first winner but just as polite and friendly to everybody as if he were the leading jock of the year. He's plain as an old pancake. No ostentation about him. Why, the boy is driving around in a 1962 Cadillac."

He took a deep drag on his cigarette and was seized by a coughing fit. He reached for a glass of water and drank deeply. "Excuse me," he said, "but I happen to be allergic to charcoal granules." He cleared his throat and resumed:

"I deal now, not in facts, but in scuttlebutt. The talk among the rake-and-pitchfork crowd here is that Johnny Rotz is going through a period of adjustment. As you may know, Johnny has switched agents. His new man is Bud Arme, a highly respected man in the profession. However, the word along the manure line is that Rotz irritated some people when he dismissed his former agent, Lenny Goodman, who is now handling Mr. William Hartack. Lenny Goodman has many powerful friends. You will notice that Trainer Buddy Jacobson is not using Rotz, but he is using Hartack. There is even some speculation that the dropping of Lenny Goodman may have cost Johnny his mount on Roman Brother. We hear the decision to put Ycaza on Roman Brother came from on high."

Was he saying that irritation over the firing of Lenny Goodman made Mr. Louis Wolfson take Johnny Rotz off Roman Brother?

The red-faced man paled. He jumped to his feet. "I have talked too much," he said. "You're welcome to my opinions, but don't use my name. If word got back to my boss that I was bandying certain big names around the kitchen, it could cost me my pitchfork. Thank you for the eggs and goodby!"

A little later on Mr. Louis Wolfson took the question in stride.

"We did not make a change in jockeys because we were irritated with Rotz for dropping Lenny Goodman. We made a change because we—Burley Parke, my trainer, and I—feel that Ycaza is one of the best riders anywhere, and anybody who can get a commitment from him for the classic races is lucky.

"Here is what happened. After The Garden State, Ycaza looked at the films of Roman Brother with Parke and told him he would like to have the mount. Captain Harry Guggenheim and the Cain Hoy Stable have first call on Ycaza, so we went to Captain Guggenheim and cleared it with him. Then we made the commitment with Ycaza.

"It is true that I had a talk with Rotz about his dismissal of Goodman. Rotz telephoned me and told me that he had dropped Goodman and hired Arme. I told Johnny that it was his decision to make, but I did feel that there was a right way and a wrong way to make a change, and that at least he should have sat down with Goodman and explained the situation to him so that it could all have been done amiably.

"As I said, that is not the reason why we changed mounts on Roman Brother. We did it because we thought we were getting the best in Ycaza. As a matter of fact, Rotz still rides for us and will continue to do so when we have a horse that he suits, and vice versa."

(Later events proved the Wolfson reasoning to be sound. Ycaza won the $25,000 Bahamas and the Everglades on Roman Brother for Harbor View, and along about the middle of the Hialeah meeting, Johnny Rotz booted home Nashubah, a Harbor View long shot.)

At this point in the investigation, which was obviously following a devious trail back to Johnny Rotz himself, another clue was urgently needed. Mr. Wolfson had mentioned that there was "a right way and a wrong way" for a jockey to change agents. What had been Johnny Rotz's way?

In the clubhouse dining room a waiter stared at a generous tip. He glanced around nervously, then leaned down and whispered, "I do not vouch for this story. Put it down as coming from an authoritative source. But I have heard that Johnny Rotz gave Lenny Goodman the bad news during a taxicab ride to Garden State. Just told him to get himself another boy, words to that effect." The waiter grabbed the tip and fled.

Over the telephone Lenny Goodman was given a quick briefing and was asked to comment. "Oh, gee," he said, "I don't want to say anything. What's done is done, and everything is settled. Johnny Rotz has a good agent in Bud Arme, and I hope Bill Hartack has a good agent in me. That's all there is to say."

How about the story that Johnny Rotz first told him he was through during a taxicab ride to Garden State?

"That is not quite true," said Goodman. "He didn't tell me during the cab

continued

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ride. He told me just after we had gotten out of the cab."

In Box 113 in the grandstand Jack Price, who has not seen much to get excited about at a racetrack since Carry Back retired, laughed at the track-kitchen version of why Ycaza had replaced Rotz on Roman Brother. "The idea," he said, "that a man like Lou Wolfson—or any other owner of a big stable—would take a mount away from a jockey because he changed agents is about as ridiculous as an idea can get. But strange stories do get around. I've told some odd stories myself and was amazed to see them taken seriously.

"One story I told was that after the Preakness in which Johnny Rotz won on Greek Money, a group of us were having a bite to eat at the Baltimore airport. Johnny Rotz was at the table, and when the check came he grabbed it. I told people that then and there I decided he was the boy to ride Carry Back, because I had never seen a jockey catch a check before. Of course, the fact was that Ycaza had been set down. So we needed a rider, and Johnny Rotz was the best available. But the story I intended to be funny was repeated as gospel.

"There was another story going back to Carry Back's Preakness. Rotz was on Globemaster. After Carry Back's great stretch run, Johnny was walking toward the scales. He passed Mrs. Price and stopped to touch his cap and say, 'Congratulations, Mrs. Price.' Well, that was true, and it was also true that Mrs. Price was impressed with Johnny's gentlemanly gesture. But it didn't have anything to do with putting him on Carry Back later on."

Jack Price sat silent. He leaned forward and spoke softly, almost in a tone of reverence. "The highest praise that I can give Johnny Rotz is just to say simply that he had the honor of riding Carry Back."

At Lenny's Hide-A-Way that evening Johnny Rotz sipped his Scotch on the rocks. He had gone through another afternoon's racing without a winner, but he seemed relaxed, good-humored and confident. He did not have the appearance or the manner of a jockey who was beginning to press a little bit.

"I would almost rather be guilty of a bad ride," he said, "than of pressing. That's bad. It's like a hitter in a slump. Sometimes he'll start to press and hit at bad balls. I'm not worried

continued

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about anything. I feel fine. Things will work out. Good mounts mean winners, and I'm sure I'll be getting them."

Was he better on some tracks than others?

"A good horse," Johnny said, "can win on any track. I have had great seasons at tracks like Tropical, which is a whoop-de-do track. That means it has a short stretch, and you have to make your move before the stretch. But I have been just as successful on the tracks with long stretches, like Hialeah and the Big A in New York."

He was asked why he had changed agents, and why some people had been critical of the way he gave Lenny Goodman his notice.

"I had been wanting Bud Aime to represent me for some time," he said. "Bud asked me if I was sure that I had thought about it enough. When I said I was sure, he agreed to represent me. I guess I figured the best way to tell Lenny was to come right out with it without any long preliminaries. After all, jockeys are changing agents all the time. I thought Bud Aime was the best man for me. He certainly did all right with John Sellers and Howard Grant."

The waitress passed by and smiled. It seems to be the policy in the Hide-A-Way cocktail lounge to have waitresses dress as if they were guests at a proper cocktail party. There was not a bunny tail in sight.

Johnny followed her across the room with an appreciative bachelor's eye. "I didn't know that girl was the waitress when she came to take the order. I was about to ask her to sit down at the table."

The waitress came back with a tray of canapes. Johnny looked them over and took two. "Not many calories in these, are there?" he asked the girl.

"Goodness," said the girl, "you certainly don't have to worry about calories, sir."

"Oh, but I do," said Johnny. He watched the girl as she went from table to table offering the tray. "What," he asked after a moment, "was I talking about?"

Racetracks, he was told.

"Oh, yes. Well, that reminds me that I'd love to ride in France. I came within a whisker of going over with Carry Back. I had my passport and was all set. But Mr. Price decided not to send Carry Back that year. I'd like to ride a whole season

continued



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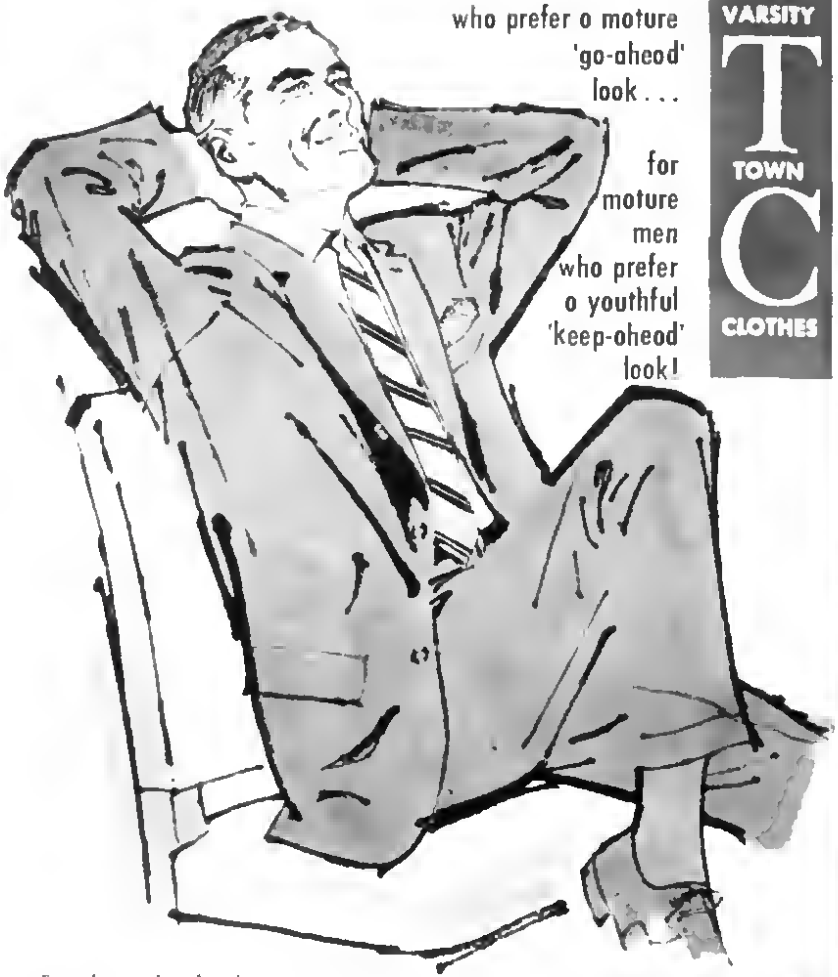
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in France. The trouble is, though, the French don't seem to care much for American riders. I probably couldn't get any good mounts. But I'd love to have the experience. I've never been out of this country except for a vacation in Mexico."

Had he given any thought to some of the things he would like to do after he stopped riding?

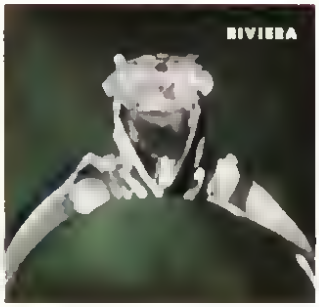
"Yes, I have," said Johnny. "I want to be connected with racing in some way. I'd like to go into breeding. I've got two broodmares here in Florida right now, as a matter of fact. I also have a farm in Illinois next to my father's place. He's working my land as well as his own. Corn and soybeans mostly." He nibbled at a canapé. "Another thing that would appeal to me is broadcasting. I would enjoy being on a racing program someday like Eddie Arcaro. But that's all in the future. I've got a lot of riding to do first."

He had a lot of riding to do the next day. And in the sixth race, as things turned out, he got his first winner for 1964 on W. J. Beattie's President Jim, who paid $13.40. It was the turning point for Johnny Rotz and his new agent, Bud Aime. He began to win with increasing regularity—especially for Calumet Farm and Jimmy Jones. Soon he rose from last place to second in the standings of jockeys at the Hialeah meeting.

Johnny won his first stakes race of 1964 and Calumet Farm's first since July 1962 when Jimmy Jones put him on Princess Arle again, for the $50,000 Black Helen Handicap. Trainer Buddy Jacobson began to call on him. Johnny won on Calumet's Kentucky Jug and Ky. Pioneer, thereby suggesting that Jimmy Jones had two strong Kentucky Derby candidates. He signed as first-call rider for the Greentree Stable of Jock Whitney and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson. He flew to Bowie to replace the suspended Wayne Chambers on Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's Mongo and won the $109,400 John B. Campbell Handicap in a thrilling nose-finish victory over Gedney Farm's Gun Bow. There was every indication that Johnny Rotz was going to have another year of gainful employment and once again earn considerably more than Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays or Lyndon B. Johnson.

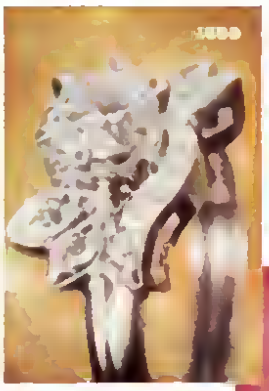
It figures for the Illinois farm boy who reminds Jimmy Jones of the great Citation. **END**



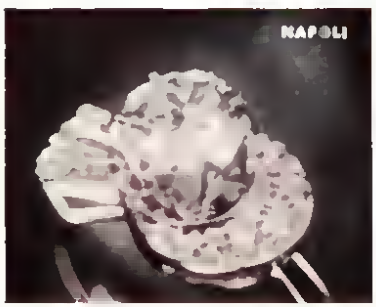


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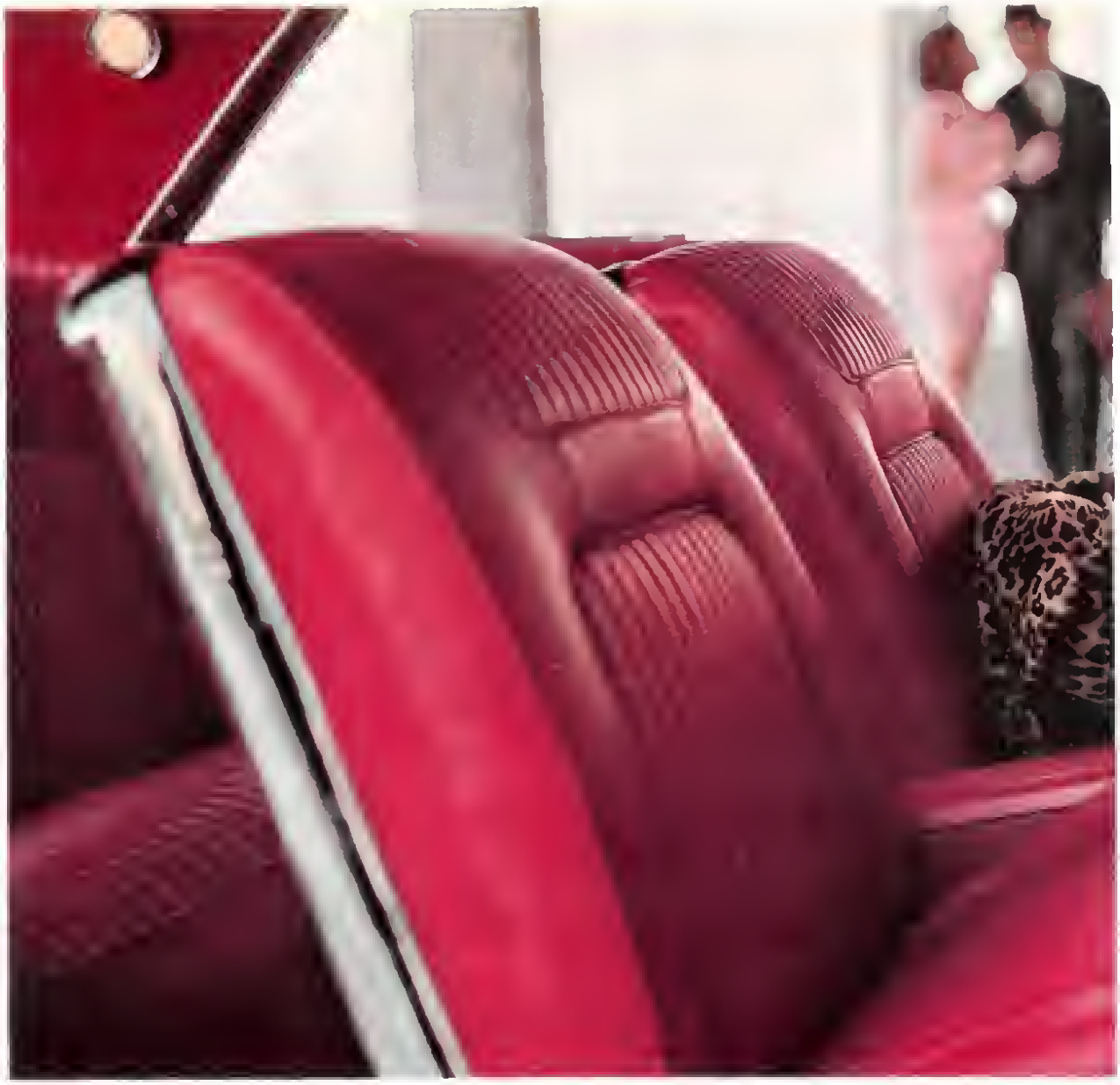
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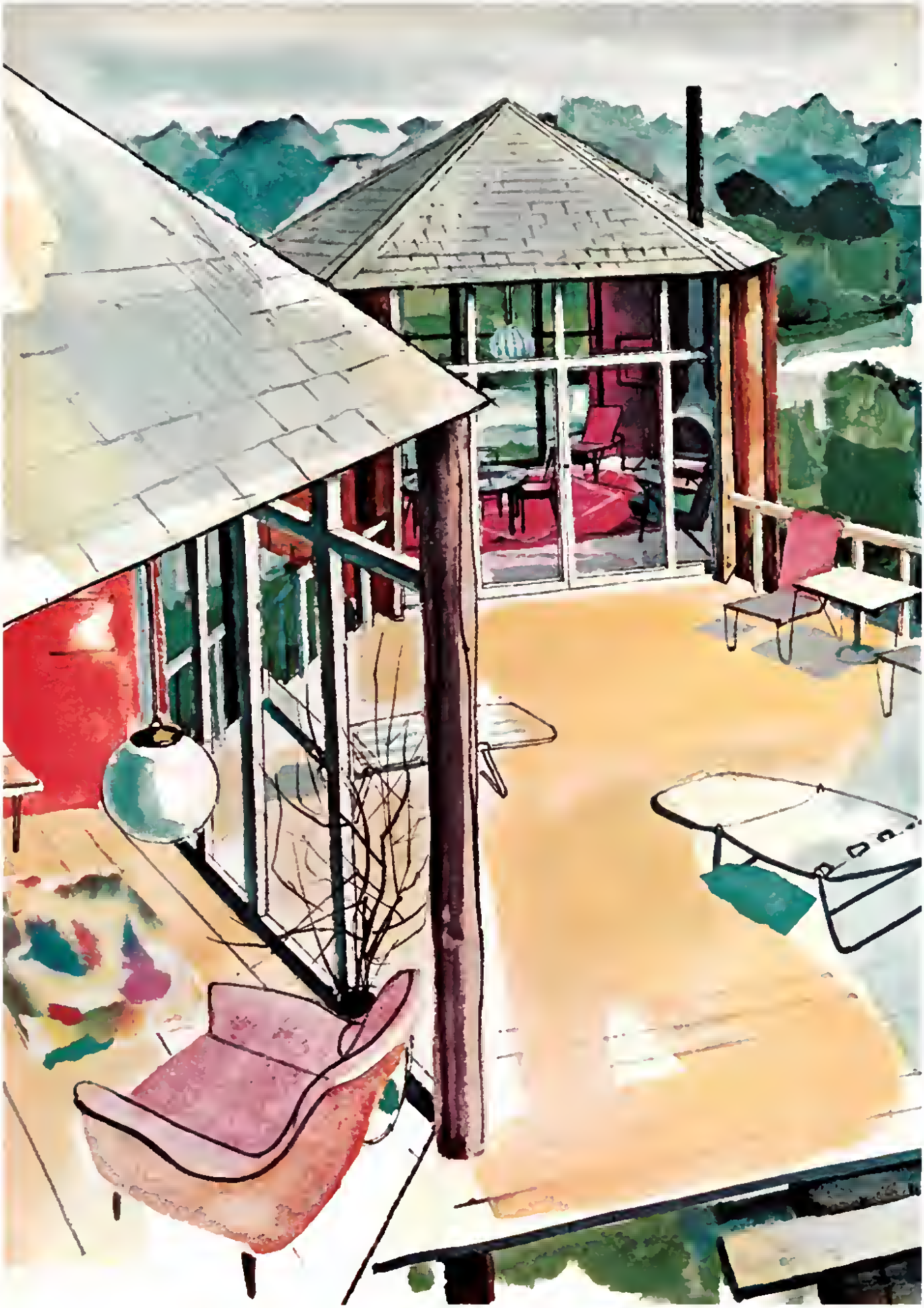
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A HONEYCOMB HOUSE FOR ALL SEASONS

The first thing about a second house is that it must be delightful. This poses a problem for the family that has reached the point of being able to consider a vacation house, but only something modest. If you build an inexpensive, uncongenial house you have an inexpensive, uncongenial house, and if you borrow great sums to build more elaborately you may become a slave to the place and to the debt.

Designer John Carden Campbell, of the San Francisco firm of Campbell & Wong, a specialist in vacation homes (his firm developed the A frame), was not addressing himself specifically to this dilemma when he designed, especially for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, the house on these pages. He was trying to work out a house suitable for all seasons and all terrains, but the result should appeal to the family that prefers to begin slowly and eventually expand.

Campbell's basic unit is the hexagon, and the house is like a honeycomb: hexagonal units ultimately form a larger hexagon. Mr. Campbell has found the six-sided form more interesting and flexible to decorate and live with than the rectangular. As a result, the first stage (the unit on the left in the illustration), opening on to the sun deck, is charming and livable from the start. It is a bed-sitting-room arrangement with kitchen and bath. You can build it for about $8,500 and be happy in it until you are ready to add units 2, 3, 4 (the swimming pool) and 5, or you can build it and be happy in it and stop. The house works at any stage.

If you do choose to expand as income or family increases (or, hopefully, income *and* family) the additional units are built one by one, for more bedrooms or open living space, whichever need is the more critical. In time, the house can develop into a luxurious layout indeed (total cost, with pool, about $40,000) but without an alarming initial outlay and without the sacrifice of grace or comfort at any step of the way. The flexibility of this scheme, indicated on the following pages, makes this house as various in its possibilities as geography, season, function and the taste and imagination of the owners demand.

John Carden Campbell had something in going from the rectangle to the triangle when he designed the A-frame house. In progressing from the triangle to the hexagon, he has achieved practically everything.

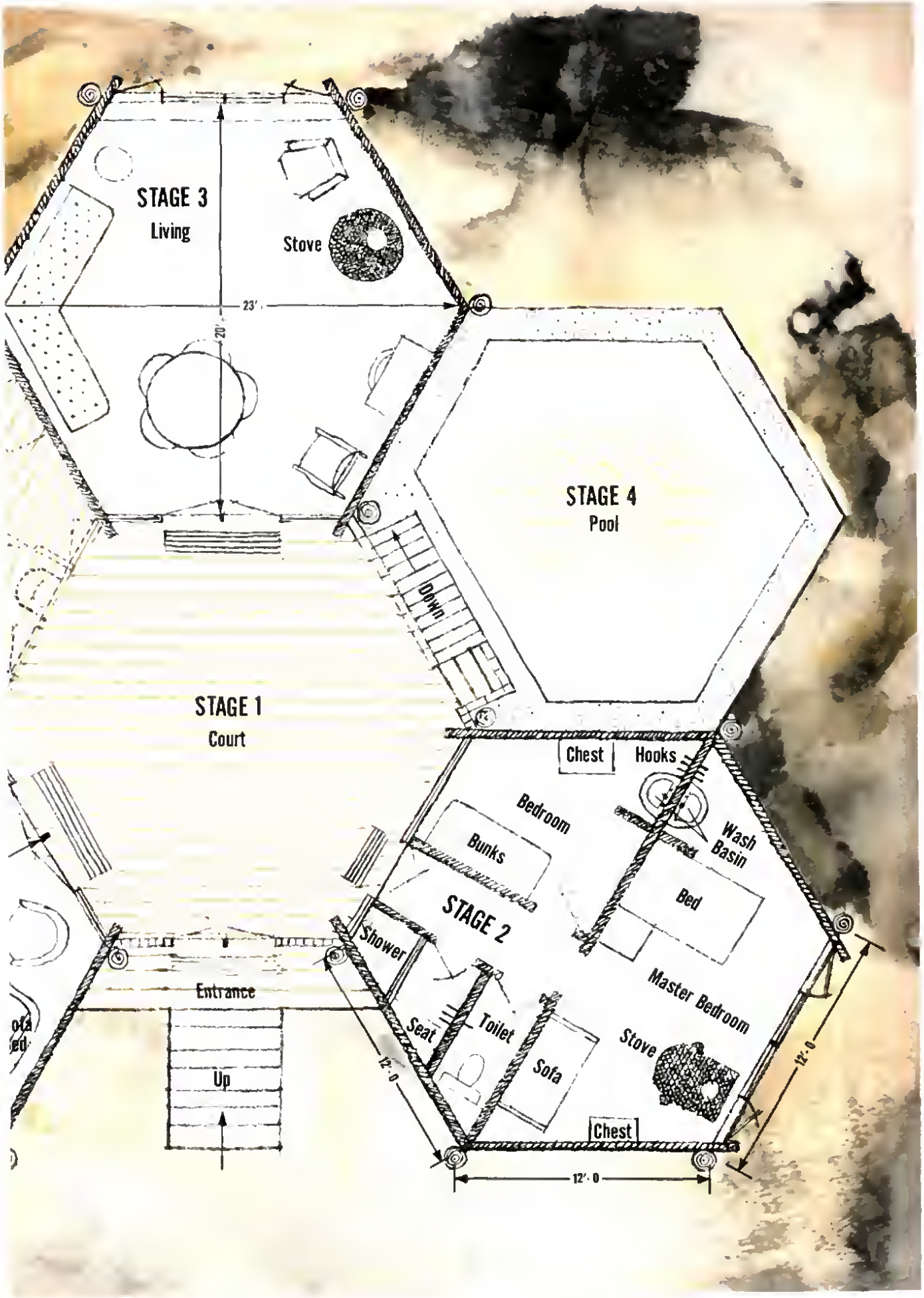
CONTINUED

ALL FIVE STAGES are shown complete in this floor plan, each stage opening both on the inner court and to the outside view. The unit at the lower left and the center court, together, comprise stage 1. Stage 2 adds two bedrooms and another bath. Across the court, stage 3 is all living room, rising open to the peak of a roof above 12-foot walls. Stages 4 and 5 in this plan are at ground level—4 is the swimming pool and 5 is dropped to give more privacy for guest rooms and extra deck space above to maintain the open-pavilion feeling. (This expansion works best in areas that do not receive heavy snow or suffer hurricane waves.) The pool is accessible from the deck by steps, and there is a gate to prevent access by mistake—say, during parties.

Campbell has considered several other specific vacation-house problems. He has set gratings into the floor at the front entryway and at strategic points around the deck so that those vacation substances, sand and snow, do not have to be tracked through the house. He has split the bath in stage 2. Campbell recommends a wash basin in each bedroom and separate chambers for toilet and shower, so that the ablutions of one guest or of one child do not tie up the whole unit. He also favors bunk beds, for economy of space, and is partial to open closets with simple rods and hooks along one wall. And he advocates simplicity and flexibility in the heating—electric baseboards or, in larger rooms, separate stoves, so that the units of the house are independent of each other. A weekend visit when you might wish to open only stage 1 would not require heating 2, 3 and 5.

CONTINUED




STAGE 3
Living
Stove
23'
20'
STAGE 4
Pool
Down
STAGE 1
Court
Chest
Hooks
Bedroom
Bunks
Wash Basin
Bed
STAGE 2
Shower
Entrance
Master Bedroom
Seat
Toilet
Sofa
Stove
Up
Chest
12'-0
12'-0
12'-0

STILTS LIFT the house high, providing storage space for cars or boats and room for a shower and dressing rooms (at left in drawing below). At the beach they keep the house above stormy seas, and in ski country above the snow. The height of the walls varies from unit to unit. Stages 1 and 3 are open to the peaks for maximum spaciousness. Stages 2 and 5, which are sleeping units, have 8-foot ceilings. An economical alternative would be flat roofs all around, paved with white marble chips. At the seaside circular skylights in the flat roofs help combat the insidious sea damp. Unpainted cedar shingles are recommended as handsome and durable.





IN SNOW COUNTRY you might choose to stop building after stages 1 and 2, and to enclose half of your deck with a roof and sliding glass doors for a warmer transit from living room to bed. And if you should decide that, though you chose snow country for your house, you don't want snow all over your deck, allow yourself a burst of extravagance and put in radiant heating. If your view is so splendid that you want even more window space than John Campbell has indicated, he recommends long slits in the solid walls. Another extra could be outdoor stairs from the deck to stage 5.

While waiting to get a free fight from Muslim Cassius X, former heavyweight champion **Floyd Patterson** kept busy putting on exhibition bouts in Sweden with his kid brother Ray, 21. One result: Ray has been knocked cold by a 5-foot-6, eyes-of-blue Swedish blonde named Vivian Backman. "I hope to box for 10 years and save enough money to open an auto-repair place here," said young **Ray Patterson** as he began looking around for a suitable ring —a wedding ring, that is.

Not unmindful of all those French movies in which the frontier customs guards lash on their skis and zip through the snow in pursuit of jewel thieves, France's Minister of Finance, **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing** (*below*), felt it was part of his De Gaulle-given duty to do likewise. High on a French Alp, the cabinet minister tightened his boots, pulled up his baggy stretch pants, put on his goggles and headed downhill—not after smugglers—but as a forerunner in a race for customs officers from five Alpine nations.

"I don't know of anything that builds the will to win better than competitive sports," said two-time loser **Richard Nixon** after receiving the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics' distinguished alumnus award. "Don't play it safe, play to win. That is the kind of spirit we need in America today," continued the man who is once again warming the bench, as he did at Whittier College, where he was an eager basketball and football candidate—but never earned a letter.

No sooner had Soviet Russia's famed high jumper, **Valeri Brumel**, landed in New York than he was off to a local auto dealer to pick up spare parts for his American car. American car? Yes. It seems that the hero of the Soviet Union has traded the Russian-made Volga he got after breaking the world high jump record for a Rambler.

Summing up for fitness while he made plans to carry his client's case to a higher court, Defense Attorney **Melvin Belli** pleaded a *prima facie* case of *mens sana in corpore sano*. "I'm an absolute believer that the mental functions are in better running order when you exercise regularly," panted the effusive attorney as he trotted back to his hotel from a nightly two-hour round of wrestling, steambath and rubdown at the Dallas Athletic Club. "Why, I'm 30 pounds overweight now and I can't think as well," continued Ruby's 6-foot 220-pound lawyer, rounding the corner. "But as soon as I get home I'll get back on the handball courts and work it off."

What with royal babies showing up all around him and one even landing in his own home (a boy for the Queen), it is no wonder that **Prince Philip** showed royal concern about space on his tiny island. "More and more youth clubs are going off to the moors and mountains, climbing, walking and exploring," said the father of Elizabeth's one-week-old son. "What we have to insure is that there is still some open space for them when they get there."

A onetime Arkansas halfback and a former president of the university, fast-talking Senator **William Fulbright** has a persuasive way with scholars. He exhibited a trace of it last week during a talk with a young constituent in a Little Rock hotel. The talk was said to be "just an informal chat" about youth and education, but before it was over the Razorback football squad had acquired a 6-foot 3-inch, 210-pound prospect who happened to be an All-Southern high school linebacker.

Hollywood's hottest property at the moment, Hot Rodder **Steve McQueen**, will make his own Great Escape next fall —on a motorcycle, of course. Mr. McQueen, who has raced cars, tended bars and barked for carnivals, will be part of a U.S. team at the world motorcycle championships to be held in Europe.

It was a nice, quiet little basketball game for aging Navy officers. Suddenly, there was a scramble for the ball, a flailing of arms, a tangle of legs, and the Under Secretary of the Navy fell on his head. "I'm out here to boost the Navy's fitness program, not ruin it," said Under Secretary **Paul B. Fay Jr.**, picking up his 45-year-old bones and heading for the sidelines.

"I used to shoot real good golf, but then I had them cataracts removed from my eyes and I don't see as good as I oughter," said Arizona's well-known carpet merchant, **Dizzy Dean**, strolling toward the No. 2 hole of the Phoenix Country Club. Then the one-time maestro of the crazy curve picked up an eight-iron, teed up, squinted at the hole 137 yards away and dropped the ball into the cup. "Greatest thrill of my life," said Dizzy.





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AS POOL FROTHS OVER IN PRACTICE, DR. COUNSILMAN CHATS WITH INDIANA STUDENT

A doctor who makes agony and fun pay off

Dr. James Counsilman, Indiana's swimming brain, mixes horseplay and science to produce champions

Indiana University swimmers are sleek, high-spirited and passionate about swimming to the point of exhaustion. Next week, if they win the NCAA championships at Yale, as they probably will, the Indiana swimmers will raise up their coach—a bland, balding, sleepy-eyed, slightly paunchy man named Dr. James Counsilman—and chuck him in the pool. It is a wetting that Dr. Counsilman has long been waiting for. Although his team has dominated American swimming for the past several years, it has not been allowed to compete in the NCAA meet since 1960 because of sins committed by the school in football recruiting. Winning the NCAA title would be topping for Dr. Counsilman's cake: he has been selected to coach the 1964 U. S. Olympic swimming team, and for nearly a decade he has enjoyed a reputation as a physiologist, a swimming technician and a sly fellow who hamboozles swimmers into thinking that two or three workouts a day are fun.

For much of his hamboozling, Dr. Counsilman uses a very simple formula: he dilutes the toughest doses of work with a good hit of foolishness. At a typical workout a few weeks ago at Indiana's lush, lovingly planned half-million-dollar pool, the tough, lung-searing sprints through the water were well mixed with shenanigans. In the middle of the workout Dr. Counsilman, dressed in what he calls his Bozo suit—Indiana-red bell-bottom pants and shirt to match, red shoes, red socks—summoned all except one of his swimmers out of the water. For sly psychological reasons, he had breaststroker Pete Anderson continue plowing through the ripples, frog-

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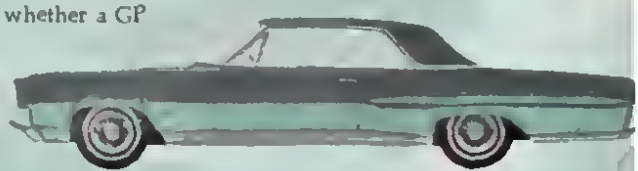


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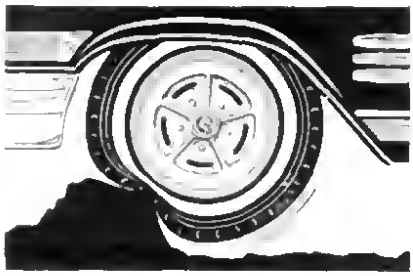
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SWIMMING *continued*

kicking his kickboard. This was an important, high-pressure workout, and Dr. Counsilman wanted Anderson to set a new 440-yard frog-kick record. It would be a breakthrough, he felt, that would fire up all his swimmers to work harder and go faster. While breaststroker Anderson frog-kicked his way to glory, one swimmer seized a microphone and began imitating airplane noises over the stereophonic P.A. system. Others flung rubber pulling tubes at each other. (These are like giant black doughnuts and support a swimmer's feet while he pulls through the water using only his arms.)

Dr. Counsilman addressed the group in a mild, reproachful voice. "Let's put a little oomph into this workout," he said. "A little enthusiasm." Then, perhaps because he felt he might have sounded too stern, he added, "I hear Michigan has a midget that does the 100 in 49 flat. He has big feet and he walks on the bottom of the pool."

Laughter drowned out the rock 'n' roll music that had mysteriously started, and a shout drew the attention of most swimmers to the giant pace clock at the end of the pool. (The pace clock is a Counsilman invention that enables swimmers to check their times at the end of each lap.) Kicking mightily, Anderson crossed the 440-yard mark amid the cheers of his teammates. Dr. Counsilman allowed himself a smile, summoned the manager and sent him off to fetch a huge bag of jellybeans. The jellybeans are red and white (the Indiana colors) and are distributed as rewards to swimmers who burn themselves up in practice.

To the accompaniment of agonized groans and mock cries of betrayal, Anderson's time was announced. It was 5:58, a new Indiana frog-kick record—nothing the press would record, but ideal for Dr. Counsilman's purposes. The jellybeans were distributed, and the time was chalked up on a vast blackboard filled with names and numbers.

The airplane noises stopped. At Dr. Counsilman's wave, nine swimmers poised themselves on starting blocks or made ready to push off from the end of the pool for a 440-yard sprint. No friend of long, leisurely swims, Dr. Counsilman punched his watch as he set them off with a piercing whistle. When they were done, he unerringly told each man his time and by a glance indicated if the time was better or worse than he expected. "Not knowing the complete history of a swimmer's time," he says, "is a personal affront. Like not knowing his name."

When the swimmers had pulled themselves out of the pool, Counsilman strolled to the record player, ripped off the record and sailed it into the water. He prefers Puccini to rock 'n' roll. The swimmers throw his Puccini records into the pool, so he throws in their rock 'n' roll.

The bamboozling Counsilman does is a vital adjunct to his swimming program. He believes that severe stress is the key to improved swimming times. A

continued



DR. COUNSILMAN, HIS DAUGHTER JILL AND SON BRIAN STUDY THE FAMILY'S PET BOA

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typical high-pressure workout consists of half an hour's struggle with weights, immovable bars and elastic pulleys, a warmup in the pool, 16 50-yard sprints, 18 laps with the kickboard, kicking 100 yards four times at high speed, sprinting 440 yards four times and swimming 50 yards 16 times. Under the interval training system developed by Dr. Counsilman, rest periods are timed as carefully as work periods, so that a swimmer adapts to the necessity of recovering his wind quickly. If he completes his assigned distance in quicker time than expected, he is rewarded with a few seconds' more rest.

High-pressure workouts alternate with low-pressure ones. These permit slower sprints and more tomfoolery. The theory behind low-pressure workouts and complex, closely timed, high-pressure workouts is to keep swimmers keenly interested in racing up and down a pool. The theory behind the program as a whole is the "overload principle." That is, extreme stress is placed on the body, which learns to adapt to it. The heart becomes more efficient, the lungs work better, the hemoglobin content of the blood rises and the muscles tire less easily. At certain levels of stress, Dr. Counsilman has discovered, the swimmer is no longer aware of his agony and can go faster than he ever did before. For Dr. Counsilman the objective is clear. "The best-quality protoplasm is going to win," he says simply.

The protoplasm of the Indiana men is top quality: they have won every dual meet since 1959 and the Big Ten championship for the past four years, and, swimming under the flag of the Indianapolis AC, have also won every National Outdoor title for the past seven years.

Often Dr. Counsilman's enviable problem is not getting his team up for a meet, but getting it *down*. "In a year-round sport like swimming," he says, "you don't dare keep a team keyed up all the time. I treat a lot of meets casually. I don't mind draining a swimmer's physical reserve, but I don't want to drain his emotional reserve. The worst thing that can happen to a team is staleness. You can't cure it. You've got to prevent it."

Dr. Counsilman pushes himself as hard as his swimmers. Thriving on five hours of sleep a night and lots of carbohydrates, he is a tireless student of stroke mechanics, physics and photography. He shoots underwater movies of Indiana swimmers, cuts, splices and edits the films in his cellar and sells them to coaches. He puts together pace clocks in his cellar and sells them to schools like Army, Navy and Princeton. He writes dozens of pamphlets a year on such subjects as dry-land exercises for swimmers and how to keep practice from becoming tedious. He has invented weights that can be used at poolside without danger of damaging the deck. The business ends of these weights are plastic and can be filled with sand. When dropped, they bounce. He has invented an Isogym—it looks like a high-jump stand—on which his swimmers can do Counsilman-designed isometrics. The Isogym is now being used on atomic submarines. He has written books on scuba diving and weight lifting, and is at work on a book on scientific swimming. When four Russian coaches and an interpreter visited him last fall, they were so impressed by Counsilman's theories and swimmers they asked him why he didn't put a stop to all the erroneous instruction appearing in print. "They had a point," he says. "American coaches are great recruiters, but they are too busy teaching and recruiting to study swimming scientifically—the way the Russians are doing. For years everybody claimed the arm in the crawl was straight as it pulled through the water. But films of Dawn Fraser, Peter Sintz and others show the arm is constantly bending, reaching a 90° angle halfway through the pull." The Russians bought two of his films, paying in dollars. So impressed is the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by Dr. Counsilman's exercise theories that he has been asked to think up exercises for astronauts in space, where weightlessness makes weight lifting, say, a breeze.

Dr. Counsilman has enough confidence in his knowledge of stroke mechanics to tinker mightily with the strokes of some of his swimmers, despite the hoots of fellow coaches. He changed Chet Jastremski from an average butterfly and crawl swimmer to a specialist in the breaststroke, shortened and speeded up his stroke and kick, and Jastremski obliged by breaking all four world breaststroke records. He converted Mike Troy from a run-of-the-mill crawl swimmer to a world-record holder in the butterfly. While coaching at State University Teachers College in Cortland, N.Y., he discovered George Breen—a mediocre athlete—and taught him a choppy, flailing stroke that drew chuckles from

the experts. Lashed into superb condition, Breen set world records at a mile and at 1,500 meters.

The Indiana pool, built in 1961 and carefully planned by Dr. Counsilman and his predecessor, is a marvel of convenience for swimmers. It is 25 yards long and six lanes wide. The chlorine content is less than in most collegiate pools and the alkali content is higher—for the comfort of swimmers' eyes. Because Dr. Counsilman thinks what goes on underwater is 10 times as vital as what goes on on the surface, the pool is equipped with the largest underwater windows of any collegiate pool. A microphone by the windows allows him to address a swimmer underwater in a ghostly way to suggest corrections in his stroke.

The diving pool, planned by the Indiana diving coach, Hobie Billingsley, is an equal marvel. It is completely separate, 15 feet deep and has four air bubblers that produce ripples so divers get an instant view of the surface of the water as they tumble toward it. There are two one-meter boards, two three-meter boards and a five-meter platform. Between the diving and swimming pools is a trampoline equipped with a safety belt so that divers can practice difficult dives without danger of injury.

When Dr. Counsilman came to Indiana as freshman coach in 1957, things were not so fancy. The four-lane pool then in use was in a dimly lighted room and, for some mysterious reason, was surrounded by a white picket fence. In contrast to the present natatorium seating 1,388, around the old pool there was space for only 200 spectators who, during meets, sweated more than the swimmers. The diving board stood on one side of the pool, and divers had to practice at night when the pool was free of swimmers. The ceiling was so low that a diver getting a good high lift from the board was apt to crack his head, sometimes cracking it again on the shallow, eight-foot bottom. With these drab facilities and little local talent to draw on, Indiana was the Big Ten doormat and therefore beloved of rival coaches.

Dr. Counsilman, who was born in Birmingham, had the ideal temperament for the bootstrap operation called for. "Some kids want to be lawyers or firemen," he says. "I never wanted to be anything but a Big Ten swimming coach." After attending a St. Louis high school, he entered Ohio State—a national swimming power. He left college to fly B-24s over Europe in the war, then reentered Ohio State. He was captain of the swimming team in 1946 and 1947, winning the Big Ten breaststroke title in 1946 and briefly holding the 100-yard world record. He went to Illinois for his master's degree, writing a thesis on the breaststroke, and from Illinois on to Iowa, where he wrote his doctoral thesis on the crawl. In 1956, while at tiny Cortland State, he helped coach the U.S. Olympic team; then in 1957, with a formidable won-lost record and Breen as his prize pupil, he came to Indiana as freshman coach. In 1958—Dr. Counsilman's first full year as varsity coach—Indiana finished sixth in the Big Ten. The following two years it finished second. Since then it has never been headed.

Indiana's drive to the top has not endeared Dr. Counsilman to other Big Ten

continued



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coaches. They have repeatedly ordered investigations of his recruiting practices but have found nothing fishy. They bulldozed through changes in the scoring rules of the conference meet in an effort to capitalize on Indiana's lack of depth. It didn't help; Indiana still won. The coaches warned high school swimmers Indiana was so good they could not make the team. Many of the swimmers still chose Indiana, accepting even the fact that with the football-imposed ban, they might never have a chance for an NCAA title. Other Big Ten coaches could not understand why some swimmers, such as sprinter Charles Ogilby and butterflyer Lary Schulhof, should turn down other Big Ten scholarships to come to Indiana—which did not offer them scholarships. Part of the reason is probably what Dr. Counsilman offers in addition to coaching.

He lives in a rambling ranch house, which he partly built himself, with his wife Marge and four children—all breaststrokers. He is a firm disciple of togetherness—his particular brand encompassing not only his family but the entire swimming team. During Christmas vacation he takes about 30 swimmers with him to Florida, where they work out twice a day and then head for the open salt water to spear barracuda. In the spring he guides his team in spelunking tours in caves near Bloomington, where they tell ghost stories. Varsity and freshman swimmers come to the house for dinner at least once a month. His wife types up term papers for those requesting it. Sometimes, for the edification of swimmers, Dr. Counsilman cuts his finger with a lancet and sticks it into the tank containing his two piranhas. The blood drives the piranhas crazy. He has a crocodile and an alligator that swimmers enjoy staring at. He gives away guppies for swimmers to breed. He lets swimmers pet his cats or his hamster or fondle his boa constrictor if they have a mind to. He goes canoeing and camping with them, and spearfishing in the local quarries. With all this adventure, diversion and fatherly concern, who wants a scholarship? Dr. Counsilman is an acknowledged master of human physiology, stroke mechanics and Newton's laws of motion. He is as good a coach as any in the world, and, quite simply, to many swimmers deciding on a college, he cuts quite an attractive figure in his Bozo clown suit. END



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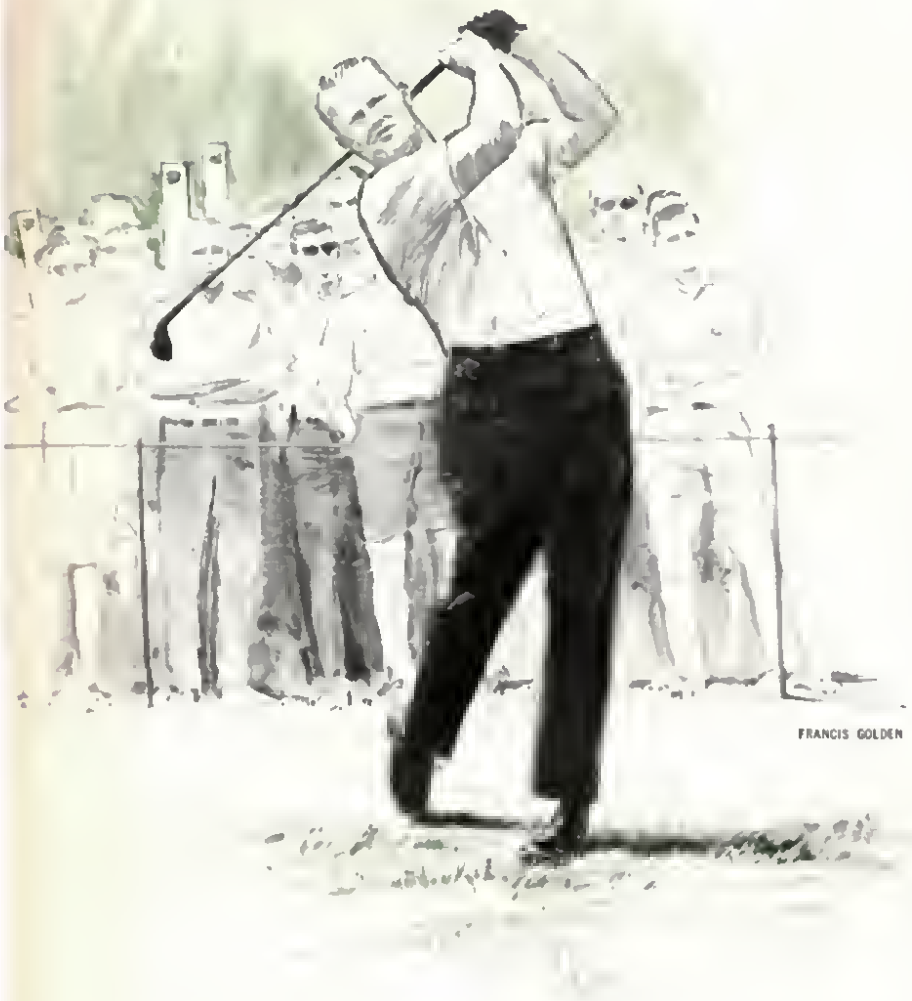


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FRANCIS GOLDEN

A good way to quiet the nerves in a tough situation is to take extra practice swings.

Tension can be such a terrifying thing that you can get scared just thinking about getting into a position where it can hit you—like leading a tournament or being on the verge of breaking 70 for the first time. When you get tense you stop playing and start praying—praying that bad luck will befall everyone else in the field or that extraordinary good fortune will suddenly come your way. Actually, there is no reason to succumb to tension. With a little thought and a little self-control it can be overcome or even made to work for you.

In a tense situation many golfers will rush into their shots, probably on the grounds that what must be done is best done quickly. They cannot stand the suspense. This is a mistake that will automatically result in a bad shot. At critical moments a player feeling pressure should step back, take a deep breath and enjoy the challenge, not evade it. Properly controlled, this tension can actually help you hit a better-than-usual shot.

It is also common for a golfer with a chance to accomplish something special in his career to convince himself that he is playing over his head, that his success cannot last. Well, of course, it can last, so save such post-mortem thoughts for the clubhouse. Tell yourself that your worries are ridiculous, that you have played well so far and that there is no reason why you cannot keep it up for the last few holes. It is your day.

Finally, one of the first things tension can destroy is the tempo or smoothness of your swing. Under pressure, therefore, make a special effort to concentrate on maintaining your tempo. One good way to do this is to take an extra practice swing or two, thus reestablishing the rhythm so necessary for golf success.

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POOL / *Tom Fox*

You don't beat Wimpy at the game he loves

Bible-reading Luther Lassiter, who in time past has overcome ulcers, the swolls and pool-shooting sinners who are not above duping their foes, makes a memorable last-gasp comeback to defend his world title

On the final day of the World's Pocket Billiard Tournament in New York a week ago, Luther Lassiter had breakfast in bed and then walked west on 42nd Street to the Hudson River. He had been down to the Hudson earlier in the week to see a friend off to Europe and now, in the misty morning hours of a lonely Sunday, the river seemed a likely place to relax and take the air.

Lassiter had fared poorly the first six days of the week-long championship event. Fighting a balky sinus that made him gasp instead of breathe, the defending champion played listlessly, lost three matches and was all but mathematically eliminated on Saturday. "Everybody saw it. I played the worst pool of my life," he said. "I had to get off alone and have a li'l talk with myself. Pool players talk to themselves, you know."

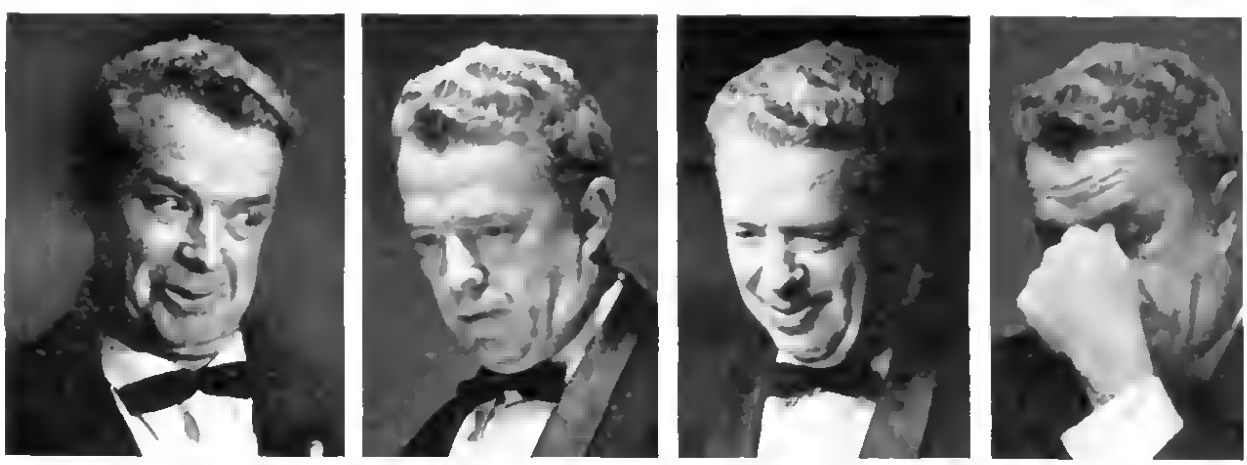
Somewhere between the Lincoln Tunnel and Pier 84, Lassiter broke into a cold sweat and, for the first time in a week, began breathing with his mouth shut. There was a crisp breeze off the river—fresh and invigorating like the country air of his native Elizabeth City, N.C., he said later—and Lassiter filled his lungs with oxygen as if it were going out of style. "Lawdie," he explained, "my head cleared mightily and my nose began running like Niagara Falls. Ah, sir, there is nothing like nature."

During that afternoon and evening, in a crowded, smoky ballroom of the Hotel Commodore, clear-headed Luther Clement Lassiter made a rousing comeback to keep his world straight-pool title. To do it he had to first beat front-running Art Cranfield, a former national amateur champion from Syracuse, N.Y., and then three-time former world titleholder Irving Crane, of Rochester, N.Y., thus forcing a playoff. That accomplished, he swished his cue stick through the ever-thickening smog that was glooming up the entire scene, arched his aching shoulders, ignored the blaze of network TV lights and beat Cranfield 150–43 in an 11-inning showdown for the title and the $3,000 first prize.

Never before has an athlete credited a whiff of the Hudson River with saving a championship, but Luther Lassiter is not an ordinary athlete. He is a lean, handsome man with a shock of curly gray hair, a soft smile, impish blue eyes and expressive face. He likes to laugh and laughs a lot, especially at himself. New York Fats (Rudolf Wanderone, of Dowell, Ill.), the peerless pool hustler, also is a good storyteller, and one of his best is about a young Luther Lassiter.

"There was this tomato from Norfolk," says Fat Man, "and she had the sweets real bad for Wimpy [Lassiter's name among the hustlers], and Wimpy had weak knees for this dolly, too. They would sit in a corner for hours, like a pair of lovebirds, and then it would happen, I tell you, it would always happen.

"Wimpy would come running over with his mouth covered up and say, 'Fat Man, I got the swolls.' I'd look at the kid



A SHOWMAN OF MANY MODDS, WIMPY LASSITER LETS HIS FACE BESPEAK HIS WONDER, REFLECTION, PLEASURE, WORRY, FATIGUE,

and his lips would be all puffed out. At first, I thought it was from wiping off lipstick, but Wimpy wasn't the kind of boy to smooch much. Back then if he was to bump into Elizabeth Taylor in a bikini he might recite the Declaration of Independence or Invictus, or something like that. I'd have to say he was more Little Lord Fauntleroy than Errol Flynn.

"The way women affected him was unbelievable, and it wasn't only this tomato from Norfolk. If any tomato put the sweet eyes on Wimpy he weighed in with the swolls. There was nothing he could do about it, so finally he just had to give up on the tomatoes."

Now 45, with a gracious, courtly, Old South manner and a quiet, disarming charm that women find appealing, Lassiter remains a bachelor. "I'm in love with pool," he says. "It's been my life for 32 years. I never had a job. I've just been a pool player and I tell you, sir, it's been a lonely life. But it's my profession and, as its champion, I hope to make some money at it."

Lassiter, probably the finest straight-pool player alive, spoke with hope, but not a hope born of experience. He has finished on top in four world championships, winning at Philadelphia in 1954, Brooklyn in 1957 and at the Billiard Room Proprietors Association of America events in New York the past two years. Yet not until this year did the Billiard Congress of America, the letterhead society that governs legitimate pool, recognize even one of Lassiter's titles.

"The trouble with pool," says Lassiter, "is it's never had an active governing body. The pro golfers have tournaments every week because the PGA is a good association. The players can make a decent living. But pool has had nothing. There just has to be a monetary reward. The good player has never had anything to work for. That's where the gambling comes in. Oh, they tell us not to mention gambling, that they are trying to elevate the sport. But, lawdie, sir, it's there unless you want to stick your head in the sand so you won't see it. To stop the gambling they just have to have more tournaments.

"There are a lot of new tournaments today—Johnston City, Ill., Tampa, Rochester, this one in New York and two new ones in Washington and Detroit. I hope they all come off. If not, I'll go home to Carolina and forget this mess. I've been burned before."

Lassiter is a breed apart from the backroom element the moralists have always associated with pool. He has a rare talent that separates him from the crowd at the cue rack. He is a loner in a loner's world, an individual who speaks his mind. He does lean to outrageous understatement—the hallmark of the hustler—but he shares little else with the sharks and the soft con. "There's my name, Wimpy," he says. "Those hustler rascals gave me that nickname. When I was a young'n I always had a handful of hamburger and a bottle of orange sodie pop. So they called me Wimpy. I know them all, I do. But I've never been a hustler myself. No sir, I have not." And the hustlers concede this is true.

"The hustlers' game is one-pocket. I'm a nine-ball and straight-pool man," says Lassiter. "In one-pocket you sneak up on people, disguise your game something awful and when the money is right, run the table. It's a game of moves and dodging, not a game of pocketing balls. The lesser player can win in one-pocket, but not in straight pool. That's why I've never been a hustler. Now, I'm not opposed to a friendly money game, no sir. I'm no choirboy. But I've never suckered anybody. Primarily, I'm a player beater, I mean the good players, for money, and the better the player the better I play."

From the dignified Lassiter such outhursts of immodesty are rare, yet justified. Last year he won the world title in New York City, losing only to Jimmy Moore of Albuquerque, N. Mex., the runner-up. He went on to defeat Moore in a 600-point challenge match last August. He proved his over-all mastery in Johnston City the past two years by winning the All-Round Tournament, consisting of nine-ball, straight pool and the hustlers' strong suit, one-pocket.

Crouched over a pool table with cue in hand, Lassiter is a showman. In a loss to 67-year-old Onofrio Lauri of Seaford, N.Y., in last week's world tournament, Lassiter scratched after a run of 37 balls. Drawing back in disbelief, he wailed: "Oh, Lord, Thou hast forsaken me. I have been thwarted by a mere amoeba of our species."

The next day he played Crane, a complete player in the classic sense, tough, smooth, adaptable. Gone were the kittenish touches and the Biblical references. With a dramatic run of 98 balls, Lassiter managed a crucial win over Crane. "I'm really a player beater," he announced. But one with problems.

Facing Eddie Taylor (The Knoxville Bear) in a playoff at Johnston City

continued



DISMAY, CONCENTRATION AND IRRITATION OVER HIS "BOTHERSOME, SIR, MIGHTY BOTHERSOME" TUXEDO DURING LAST WEEK'S PLAY

last fall, Lassiter squirmed nervously throughout the match. Midway through a run of 68 balls he cried out "Oh, Lord, the gates of hell shall prevail against a man foolish enough to wear an undershirt when he's playing pool." He excused himself, went to the men's room to shed the offending undergarment and returned to run out the match. "The undershirt," he said, "is the most foolish item in a man's wardrobe. I shall never wear one again."

The clothes almost unmade the man again last week. Participants were obligated to wear tuxedos during title play, and the starched white collar and bow tie made Lassiter uneasy. "It's mighty bothersome," he said. "Yes sir, mighty bother ome. But these other poor souls are wearing undershirts."

Sitting over a steak recently, Lassiter reflected upon his 32 years in pool halls and hotel rooms. "It started when I was 13," he said. "A doctor friend down home had a li'l four-pocket homemade table. It was the first one I ever played on and I fell in love with the game right then. When I was 14 I played at the YMCA, and at 15 I started sneaking into pool rooms. I was 16 when I first met Fat Man. He had a three-table room in Anacostia, near Washington, D.C. Oh, Fat Man was beautiful in those days. At his place I saw the good ones. I watched the play and sneaked off and practiced. I learned by trial and error. Soon I was playing the good ones for money. It's been a long, lonely road. Greater love hath no man than to lay down his life behind the eight ball, sir.

"I almost married once, I almost did. It was mighty serious. I bought furniture, a refrigerator, a stove. She had me going home early to get my rest. She knew I wasn't stepping out on her, but I didn't know she was stepping out on me. When it was all over I couldn't do a thing for days. I didn't even go to a movie. I just couldn't talk about it, and my lips swelled up something awful." He was laughing at himself and inviting the listener to laugh with him. Maybe.

"So I just stayed home with Mama and Daddy. When they died, my brother Charles, he's 39 and an old bachelor, too, we just went on living together. He works for the government, and I don't work at all." And unemployed Luther Lassiter pushed the steak aside.

"I shouldn't be eating this," he said. "The gall bladder will get to acting up



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again. I'm always a dead man around tournament time, anyway. This year it was the sinus, last year I was out of the hospital nine days before the tournament. Doctor wanted to take the gall bladder out. Why, the first world tournament I played in out in San Francisco in 1953, I had bleeding ulcers and was too dumb to know it until my doctor told me I was bleeding to death. He took half my stomach out."

Lassiter now keeps in shape what the doctors have left him by playing golf—"I shoot in the 90s," he says, "which is a pretty high run,"—and riding an English bicycle across the North Carolina countryside. "Nothing beats riding for good healthy exercise. But you've got to watch the traffic and those barking dogs. Dogs are a lot like people. They try to tell you how to live. But I'm 45, and I've got to live my own life.

"I think about my wasted life a lot. I could have done many things, many things. I could have been a rich man. Walter Davis, a boy from back home, went to Texas. He wanted me to go with him. Walter got into oil. Today he's a millionaire. Walter was in town this week, sailed for Europe on the S.S. *Constitution* and wanted me to go with him. He's going to fly to Egypt, the Netherlands, Australia, all over the world. He said, 'Come with me, Wimpy. Let's go over there and whoop it up. Have a ball.' But I told Walter I'm still in love with pool.

"Pool is back big now so I'm going to give the game one more chance. I want to be an active champion, I mean play the best. I'm not hungry for that exhibition money. Why, I only played 20 or so dates last year. People just want to see trick shots and, so help me, I can't remember all of them. I'm going to try to make an honest living at my chosen profession. If it doesn't come off I'll forget the whole mess and do something else. Maybe I'll join the Peace Corps. Or maybe I'll call Walter Davis and say, 'Walter, I've fallen out of love with pool, so let's go to Europe and Egypt and the Netherlands and whoop it up.' And you know what Walter will say? He'll say, 'Sure, Wimpy, sure. When do you want to leave?' "

But if Luther Lassiter keeps winning world championships with the flair he showed the other night at the Hotel Commodore, then Walter Davis better resign himself to traveling alone. It's many a mile to the Netherlands, and Wimpy isn't ready. **AND**



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A PRO GOLFER'S CANDID STORY: PART I

SURVIVAL TRAINING FOR A ROOKIE

BY TONY LEMA WITH GWILYM S. BROWN

The newest major personality on the professional golf tour and the one who is attracting the biggest galleries—after Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus—is Champagne Tony Lema. Both ebullient and discerning, he has now written a book that gives a substantial insight into the tense, complex and exciting life of that American sports celebrity, the touring pro. In this first of three parts he tells of the diverse pleasures and perils that confront the neophyte

This is a story about the pro tour. Also known as The Professional Golfers' Association of America Tournament Circuit or Pro Golf's Circuitous Caravan or The Long Gray Grind for Gold or, quite simply, the tour. It is, in addition, a story about me, the narrator. Also known as Anthony David Lema or Champagne Tony or, quite simply, Tony. It is an inside story, an intimate story that I hope will give you a better idea of a touring pro's life and what you are seeing the next time you watch us at a tournament or on TV.

There are perhaps a hundred touring pros like me—or near enough like me to make my story their story. We float along on a tournament schedule that starts in January and ends in December. We compete for more than $2.5 million in prize money and hundreds of thousands of dollars in peripheral income. This is a great deal of money, and some professional golfers get very rich. Unfortunately, it is not nearly enough to go around. Some professional golfers get very broke. We are migrant sportsmen, moving from country club to country club, and many of the millions of people who watch us think, "What a ball. Playing a game for all that money, traveling all over the U.S. and all over the world!"

Well, the tour is a ball, some of the time, and the money is there, if you are good enough to win it. As for the traveling? I remember what my friend Don Whitt, who has been on the tour since 1955, once remarked while lying on his back in a San Juan hotel room, too tired to go to the beach. "I've traveled 100,000 miles

Continued

a year on the tour," he said, "but the only thing of note I've seen is the Washington Monument."

That is a complaint, but it is also a statement of fact. We are not out here on the tour to sightsee. We are out here to make our living. Get that "out here." Ours is such a unique, nomadic existence that we tend to start every explanation concerning it with, "Well, out here on the tour. . . ."

What is a touring pro? He is a golf professional who is either a member of the PGA or holds an Approved Player's card from the PGA. To obtain such a card a golfer must produce character references, testimony that his golf game is a good one and proof that he can support himself on the tour for at least a few months even if he never picks up a prize-money check the whole time.

But a rookie finds this isn't all. He arrives at a tour event and discovers that he has to play in a tournament just to get into the tournament. This is called pre-tournament qualifying. Most of the PGA tournaments have a starting field of 120 to 150 players. This sounds like a lot, but there are always more players than places to be filled. To keep the field at this size the PGA has worked out a selection and qualifying system that does not leave a lot of spots open. At the Los Angeles Open, held in early January and traditionally a big field, there are usually some 350 players competing in the pre-event qualifying round for about 30 or 35 places. At the Crosby about 130 players compete in the pre-tournament qualifying for about 20 spots. It goes something like this much of the year. I know of many players out on the tour who hardly ever play in a tournament. Every week they try to qualify and every week they fail. Then they move on to the next town and try to qualify there. They are on the tour just as much as the rest of us, but the regular players run into them only now and then. We call them the Ghost Squadron.

Nor does escaping the Ghost Squadron necessarily mean much. You can qualify for almost every tournament and still not make a dime. When you start to think about the players who are out here who don't have a real chance—and there are more of them than there should be—the tour can seem like a sad and tragic caravan, not a golden one.

When I look back I wonder how I had the nerve to start. Most of the players on the tour today at least got in on the ground floor. They had played on college golf teams or gotten lots of competitive experience as amateurs. Not old Tony. I climbed into pro golf through a basement window.

A tiny little desert town of about 6,000 people in the northeast corner of Nevada hardly seems like the place to begin a career as a touring pro, but that is where mine really started. The name of the town was Elko and it was strictly the poor man's Las Vegas. It contained three casinos and a couple of nightclubs and served as a resort for people from Idaho and Utah. I had taken a job as head professional at the nine-hole municipal golf course early in 1957. It was hardly a magnificent spot, but it wasn't bad for someone who had decided to go into professional golf only about a year and a half earlier.

My 18 months as a golf pro had been pretty full ones. After getting out of the Marines in October 1955 I had gone to work as a shop assistant at the San Francisco Golf Club. I was then 21. While employed at the club I had somehow managed to qualify for the U.S. Open, played in Rochester, N.Y. In Rochester I had goggled at the big names of golf—like Cary Middlecoff, Ben Hogan, Julius Boros, Mike Souchak, etc. Nobody could have been more lost. I didn't even know there was such a thing as a 36-hole cutoff. I overheard somebody mention it in the hotel lobby. I made the cut by a stroke, but if I hadn't I would have happily showed up at the course the next day ready to play in a tournament I was already out of. It was all out of my class. Then, early in 1957, I actually won a tournament. A little one, played in El Centro, Calif., but still a tournament. During the last round I had holed one fantastic putt after another for a 65, but even with that I didn't figure on catching the leader, Paul Harney. I had to be dragged out of the bar, where I had already downed three highballs, to play Harney in a sudden-death playoff. I beat him with a pair of birdies so fluky that Harney must have thought I was the original Black Magic Kid.

Now I was in Elko, and thus began a summer in which I enriched my golfing experience, depleted my bank account and formed an association with the strange, erratic man who finally made it possible for me to start out on the tour. My duties at the golf club consisted of running the pro shop, setting up tournaments for the men and women who played there and giving a few lessons. Needless to say, the work was not exactly arduous, but it was typical of a young pro's lot. My after-work routine was unvaried, and not typical at all. A few Martinis with a friend before dinner—sometimes no dinner at all, just Martinis—and then over to one of the local gambling casinos for the rest of the evening. The gamblers in Elko got all of my money and a few IOUs in addition. From me the local bank never got a dime.

I competed in a number of local tournaments, including the Idaho Open and the Montana Open, which I won. Every round I played I would create an imaginary little drama in my head. "This isn't the Montana Open," I'd say to myself, "it's the Western Open. And I'm not playing with Walt Harris or Dick Kramer or Cliff Whittle. These guys against me are Finsterwald and Middlecoff and

A BOOK CALLED 'GOLFERS' GOLD'

This article and two that will follow have been excerpted from Golfers' Gold, *written by Tony Lema in collaboration with* Sports Illustrated *Staff Writer Gwilym S. Brown. It is being published by Little, Brown and Company in April ($4.95).*

Rosburg." I would make up scenes and situations, ones that gave Tony Lema a good chance to come out as the heroic winner. And the year was never 1957. It was always the future—'62 or '63 or '64. This may sound childish, but if you are the pro at a nine-hole course in a backwater of Nevada, it is surprising the number of things you will do to put a bit of juice in the daily routine. Besides, I was getting pretty hopped up about going out on the tour. I'd often go out for a nine-hole practice round and play two balls—one mine, the other Ben Hogan's. Hogan never had a chance, nor did he on the practice putting green, where I'd usually putt with three balls. One was Hogan's, one was Snead's and one was mine. Sam's ball would slide by the hole just a little too far to the right, Hogan's would miss on the left, and then Tony Lema would bang his putt right into the cup for the winning birdie.

One of the people I saw quite a bit of around Elko was a pudgy young playboy from a large West Coast city. Never mind his name. He frequently popped in from Sun Valley to drink, gamble and play a little golf. He proved to be a delightful companion and also took quite an interest in my golfing career. We drank, gambled and played golf together, and one weekend, while we were having drinks, a mutual friend suggested to him, "Why don't you put Tony on the tour?" He had soaked up quite a few highballs by then, but he never even changed the expression on his face.

"Fine," he said, "I'll do it."

That is how I got on the tour. Change a few details here and there—the tawdry ones—and you get a pretty good picture of how a lot of touring pros get started.

My new sponsor and I shook hands on an oral agreement that called for him to advance me $200 a week. I would pay that money back out of my prize winnings and would in addition give him one-third of anything I won over that. The arrangement was a standard one among young players joining the tournament circuit for the first time, and it seemed ideal to me.

It is not too difficult to figure out why someone, especially a golf nut, agrees to back a player on the pro tour. Often it is an unselfish act made simply to help out a friend. But there are benefits for the sponsor. First, he gets a sense of participation. He has his horse on the tour. This is almost as much fun as being on it himself. Second, he can come out on the tour, be introduced to the players and pal around with them. Just like one of the boys. Finally, the sponsor can sort of big-shot it at home. He is a generous sportsman who is supporting some worthy boy in the lad's chosen profession. It was not until I tried to break my contract with my sponsor that I realized sometimes there is still another motive—profit.

The Sponsor-Lema team did all right during its first year. I made about $15,000, counting pro-ams and official tournaments, so my sponsor got all his money back. This left a surplus of about $1,500, but my sponsor was generous and told me to put it in my pocket. And we put the next contract in writing—which I should have looked at closely. It was a three-year contract, with options running until 1966. He could exercise the option, but I could not.

There were two items in the new contract that were to make it extremely difficult for me to get anything out of the deal. One was that I was to go first class all the way, sell the car, fly from tournament to tournament and stay at the best places. No hamburgers for Sponsor's boy Tony Lema, just prime filet mignon. This made my playing the tour so expensive that I got him to raise the basic advance from $12,000 to $14,000 and then eventually to $16,000. All of this advance had to be paid back, regardless of what I won. One-third of my winnings over the advance also went to the sponsor. Back home, meanwhile, Sponsor was getting a favorable reputation as a sport who sent his boy first cabin. He was written up in the West Coast papers and in *Sport* magazine. By the time I had traveled first class all around the country and paid him back, I didn't have much left for myself. Living high was fun, but it was costing me considerably more than I wanted to pay. My two bad years of 1959 and 1960 put me deep in the hole. How deep? At the end of 1962, a year in which I earned $48,000, I still owed my sponsor $1,000.

In its desirable aspects, mine was a standard arrangement for getting out on the tour, but there are many other ways of obtaining financial help. Players like Bo Wininger and Bob McCallister drew salaries doing public-relations work for their backers. Bo for an Odessa, Texas automobile dealer named Bob French, Bob for Bandleader Lawrence Welk. Bob Goalby was an assistant pro at the Wee Burn Country Club in Darien, Conn. when he decided to come out on the tour in 1958, so club members raised the money to get him started. I also heard of one rookie who must have figured he was quite a wheeler and dealer. Before setting out on the tour he sold shares in himself. Unfortunately, he was a little too enthusiastic and sold 125%. He exhausted the nest egg soon enough, but every time he won $100 in prize money he had to pay out $125. It was a lot cheaper not to win a dime, so he dropped off the tour for a while to do some refinancing.

Tommy Jacobs was one of the few players I met in my early years on the tour who had refused to make any sort of sponsorship deal.

"I'd feel badly if I'd come out on the tour, done badly and not been able to pay my sponsors back," he used to say. "But I'd have felt worse having to shell out to someone else money that I'd won."

I didn't have any money or Tommy's good record as an amateur, so I could not go out on my own. But with my sponsor's help I joined the tour at the Mayfair Inn Open in Sanford, Fla. in December of 1957. By making the cut in Sanford I would automatically qualify for the Los Angeles Open. I not only made the cut, I paid for the long trip by tying for sixth and making $725.

The first thing that impressed me about the top stars after

continued

watching some of the play was that they had no apparent "secret" for success. They hit the ball pretty much as I did and played each hole pretty much as I did. What I completely overlooked was the intense mental discipline taking place inside their heads. I was to survive a checkbookful of fines for throwing clubs and temper tantrums before I realized that playing golf is 30% physical and 70% mental. Lose control of the mental side and you are only 30% of a golfer. A player who wants to win, therefore, has to learn to be mentally tough enough to keep bearing down for every stroke of every hole of every round of every tournament.

By osmosis, however, I was picking up some of the other rules of the tour. Some veterans are hard on the rookie and some are not, but a cocky newcomer is likely to wind up in an awkward situation. At Phoenix in my first year I arrived too late on a Monday afternoon to play anything but a nine-hole practice round. Jerry Barber was about to go out, and I thought it would be a treat to play with a golfer I had heard so much about. What I hadn't heard was that Barber can be about the tartest player on the tour when he puts his mind to it. He agreed to play a few holes with me.

On the first hole I hit a bad shot and dropped another ball on the fairway to see if I had the right club. Suddenly a piercing voice cut through my concentration.

"Hey, kid," Barber shouted. "You can cut that out right now. Don't you know you're not allowed to hit practice shots out here?" Well, I didn't know that at all. Nobody had ever told me that you can't hit practice shots during a pre-tournament round, but you sure can't. I was so startled I practically jumped right out of my spikes. Barber, with reasoning born of experience, probably figured I was a fresh punk trying to get away with something. In this case it was merely ignorance on my part, but on the tour you have to learn things quickly. Barber was teaching me the quickest way he knew.

You keep learning, too. The first time I met Arnold Palmer was under slightly similar circumstances. On a practice day prior to the 1958 Buick Open I had once more violated tournament rules by going out on the course and practicing sand shots out of a trap. Palmer saw me, came over and quietly advised me about the rule and even suggested an alternative. "Play a few holes and deliberately hit your ball into a few traps," he suggested. There you are. A simple problem and a simple solution, but it takes time to find out such things. I guess I learned something practically every day of my rookie year—not just rules of golf but also rules of living. I once checked into a motel that turned out to be 90 minutes from the course because I didn't have enough sense to go to the course first and look for motels from there. You learn where to eat, what motels will give special rates to pro golfers, how to register for your caddie and locker and that unless you are an important name not too many people around the clubhouse care who you are. The position of your locker, incidentally, is a status symbol. A Palmer gets a fine, centrally located one, while a rookie Lema shares a rusty box off in a far corner with some other unfortunate. Which is proper enough.

The rookie finds that there are many such written and unwritten class distinctions on the tour. The first and fairest of these involves the tournament pairings. For pairing purposes the touring pros are separated into four categories: 1) tournament winners, 2) steady big-money earners, 3) steady little-money earners, and 4) everyone that's left—local pros, local amateurs and members of the Ghost Squadron lucky enough to have qualified for the week's event. For the first 36 holes each player is paired with two other players from his category. For the final 36 holes your score determines who you are paired with. Thus the written caste system sets up the unwritten one. Only by winning a tournament does a nobody get paired regularly with the big guns. Once he does win, however, he has graduated from the rank and file and earned respect within his own profession. Almost as important, he has started to widen his range of friendships.

It wasn't long before I came upon another tour fact of life—what it feels like to fold up under pressure. I found it a frightening experience. This was in Tucson during the sixth week of the 1958 winter tour. I tied for the lead after 36 holes with a 131, then played badly on the third day but scored a 70 and was third, only three shots back of leader Don January. "You played badly and still shot 70," I thought to myself. "You have an excellent chance to win."

I hardly slept that night, lying awake thinking about the oddest thing: what I would say at the presentation ceremony. Then, the next day, the pressure struck me on the first hole like an electric shock. I hit a very shaky nine-iron to the first green, leaving myself about a 20-foot putt. My approach putt went to within two feet of the hole, so I marked my ball and waited for the others to make their putts. As I stood on the green I could sense I was a little wobbly. My breath was coming in fast, quick spurts the way it does when you leap into a cold ocean. By the time I got over my short putt I really had a case of the shakes. I didn't even get the ball near the hole from two feet away.

After that I didn't have a chance. Suddenly every hazard on the course jumped out at me like a flashing neon sign. The fairways that seemed so wide on the first three days now looked like narrow little paths through fields of wheat. I went way over par, and finally just started swinging away with abandon, not caring whether I made bogey or birdie and usually making one or the other. I birdied the last hole for a 75 and wound up in 14th place, 11 shots back of the winner, Lionel Hebert.

It was my first experience with choking up, and I figured that if that kind of physical reaction set in every time I had a chance to win I had chosen the wrong career. It was not much consolation to think that this kind of emotional upheaval bothers other players as well. Don January summed it up very well after the 1961 PGA Championship in which he had been tied and then beaten in an 18-hole

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playoff by Jerry Barber: "I guess I was just plain scared to win." Every man on the tour knew just what he meant.

So I learned a lot in that rookie year of 1958, and was moderately successful as well. I hadn't won a tournament, but I'd come close enough to realize that it was distinctly possible. Then, for the next two years, I was hit by one of those form reversals that every player seems to go through at various stages of his career. There are always reasons, of course, but the trick is to find them.

A good many of these slumps seem to be caused by bad putting, or what a player imagines to be bad putting. Very often the real problem is that he can't hit his irons close enough to the hole. This is followed by the tour's most commonly used incantation: "I'm hitting the ball great from tee to green, but I can't buy a putt."

Sometimes, by constantly blaming our putting stroke, we actually talk ourselves into putting badly. Some of us are just basically bad putters. Most players on the tour expect to hole at least one long putt—say 40 to 60 feet—a round. We also expect about one three-putt green a round. Overall, however, we figure 32 putts per 18 holes should be the maximum. Any more than that and you are giving strokes to the rest of the field that they don't deserve to have. Pretty soon your whole game suffers.

Another way to trigger a slump is to start experimenting with your swing when you don't really know enough to experiment. This happens to a great many players, and it happened to me at the start of 1959. In 1958 I was using a good grip and a good swing, but I was not hitting the ball on a high enough trajectory to satisfy me. To get more loft on my shots I started using a fader's grip. I turned my hands counterclockwise over the top of the club so that my left thumb rested along the top of the shaft and my right thumb along the left top. At address I also positioned the ball back toward the center of my stance. The result of this maneuver was unfortunate. As I came down into the ball my hips and hands would get way ahead of it. I was hitting the ball with an open club face, but I was also starting the shot off toward the right. Most of my shots headed right of the target and then faded even farther right. Under these circumstances I was lucky to keep the ball on the golf course.

Today I know what I should have done. The ball should be played more off the left foot, out where the loft of the club can really get it into the air, and a strong effort must be made to stay down on the shot. This means keeping the right shoulder underneath your head as the club goes through the ball and moving your hands out toward the target for as long a distance as possible.

Once you start experimenting with your golf game, it is often hard to get back on an even keel. It is like trying to cut down and even up the legs of a wobbly table. So 1959 started with a technical problem, which eventually became a mental problem. My temper turned terrible. Things reached a climax of sorts during one particularly frustrating round in the St. Petersburg Open. I was paired with Chick Harbert and another player for the last round, following a pair of lousy 76s on the second and third rounds. On a late hole I became so enraged after missing a short putt that I just reached out with my putter and began jabbing the ball back and forth as if I were playing polo. It finally popped in and I snarled to Chick, "Give me a 12 on the hole." "No, damn it," he said with a laugh. "You made it in 11, but I lost a lot of cash on you. I just made a bet you'd get down in 10."

Chick was trying to pass the incident off with a little humor, but I didn't think it was particularly funny. Neither, really, did Chick. He gave me a short lecture on the way to the next tee.

"Look," he said, "if you're not going to try, then don't bother to come out here and drive yourself crazy. Some days you are just going to have to work very hard to shoot a 74 or 75. If you're not willing to put up with those days, then you're in the wrong business."

Bad playing and bad temper, of course, are not the only causes of bad scores. On occasion, a good time the night before accounts for a bad time the next day. Let's state it simply. When you are single and staying at a place like the Racquet Club in Miami, or in Las Vegas, Dallas, San Francisco or Palm Springs, there are so many beautiful girls around that it is hard to keep your mind on your golf. Where women are concerned, the problem for even a moderately successful touring pro is not in the hunting. You learn that a girl is likely to fall into one of four categories. In the first is the girl who just wants to be seen with a sports celebrity, because she figures some of the attention being lavished on him will spill over on her. Plead a sick headache and send her home early. In the second category is the golf-nutty girl. Some of them are very pleasant, but they would go out with a two-headed, six-handed gorilla if he could play a good game of golf. Send her home early, too. In the third category is the normal, well-bred type that you can expect to meet anywhere. Consider yourself lucky if she doesn't send you home early. Finally, there are the impulsive, aggressive girls you can't ever get rid of. If you have successfully dodged them on the course, they will find out where you are staying, telephone you from the lobby just to make sure you are in and then come pounding on the door. If you expect to send this type home early you had better call for help.

Unfortunately, during my dismal year of 1959, girls were a way of forgetting my troubles rather than of having a genuinely good time. I finished 55th on the money list and won only $6,000. The next year was even worse. I missed the cut about as often as I made it, and pretty soon the only cut I wanted to make was in the vicinity of my neck, using a very sharp razor. I was mad and miserable from the moment I got up in the morning until the moment I went to bed. Nothing was going right. I wasn't sleeping well, I wasn't eating well. I was living it up a lot, at least in

continued

the sense of doing a lot of drinking and party-going. This was hardly going to help my putting stroke. Other players took me aside from time to time and tried to calm me down, but I was having none of it. I hated golf and I was ashamed of being a professional golfer. One evening in St. Paul, Dow Finsterwald asked me to drop by his hotel room for a talk. No player on the tour likes to take another aside and lecture him on his behavior, so it is easy to guess what bad shape I was in.

"Look," he said, "don't you think you could give it a better try out here if you got hold of yourself, all the way down the line? Cut out the nonsensical drinking. Don't go out on the golf course mad at the world. Unless you develop a more cheerful and hopeful mental attitude soon you will never be able to play well again."

It was fortunate that somewhere in my personality there was still a good-natured streak and that I still had a lot of good friends who were willing to help me. It was also fortunate that the golf tour—for some reason that I can't explain—is a place where the very people who try so hard to beat each other on the course also try to help each other play better. The advice began to seep through. Then, just before my last tournament of the year, I got a rather inspiring capsule definition of a winning attitude from Arnold Palmer. You might say that it differed somewhat from my own. This was the year of the great Palmer finishes: birdieing the last two holes to beat Venturi at the Masters, shooting a final-round 65 to win the U.S. Open. Palmer and I were between tournaments and were sharing a double-decker on a friend's yacht in New Orleans. As we waited to drop off to sleep we talked, and at one point I just had to ask him something that all the players on the tour had been wondering about.

"Do you realize what you have really done this year?" I said.

"What do you mean, 'what I've really done'?" Palmer asked.

"Well, winning what you have the way you have," I said. "Those great finishes seem so fantastic, so superhuman."

His answer supplied, I think, a clue as to why a successful athlete is successful. "I've never thought of it in those terms," he said. "I just kind of see what it is I have to do, and I make up my mind that I'm going to do it. If I have a long putt to make I just think about making that putt. I shut from my mind the thought of missing it or all the other stuff that would result from my missing it."

Palmer's positive approach to the game clicked somewhere in the recesses of my mind, and when I flew home to San Francisco at the end of the season I was resolved to give the tour one more year. Getting to the end of 1960 had been like getting to the end of the high wire during a circus act. It had taken some doing. But I was still young and still felt that somewhere in me was a good golf game. When I got home I ate right, got plenty of rest, saw people who didn't know anything about golf, and the pressure began to ease off. I could feel my whole attitude improving. My career was beginning to take a turn for the better.

I started 1961 by going on the Caribbean tour for five weeks. It proved to be a good chance to play tournament golf under very little pressure and to get in plenty of practice. This and my new attitude toward the game showed up immediately on my return, and by shooting three of the best rounds of my career—66, 68, 66—I tied for 13th at the St. Petersburg Open. This modest comeback continued for me right into June. I was thinking well, playing well and picking up some very nice checks. Even a severe case of the putting jitters that threatened to drive me out of the game for good proved to be only a temporary setback. I had suddenly started taking 38 to 40 putts a round. After missing the cut at the Western Open in Grand Rapids, I was stopping in Detroit. I recalled that it was the home of Horton Smith, one of the game's great putters. On a whim, I called him at the Detroit Golf Club, told him my problem and he invited me over. Horton gave me a putting lesson that I always try to go back to when my stroke goes sour. He stressed that putting was primarily a right-handed stroke.

continued



After winning the Orange County Open, Lema launches the tradition that earned him his nickname by buying the press champagne.

They All Applauded as Oxford Slowly Sank

The discipline and stiff-upper-lip attitude of the Oxford crew when it was swamped during its 1951 race with Cambridge is considered one of Britain's finest sporting moments

by JOHN LOVESEY

The annual university crew race on the Thames between Oxford and Cambridge was started in 1829 by a nephew of Poet William Wordsworth and a chap named Charles Merivale, and time and tradition have encrusted it with a reverence usually reserved for Horse Guards and beefeaters. In a tight little island country where the reputations of Oxford and Cambridge permeate life from top to bottom of the land, the race never does anything to spoil the image of always being "well rowed." Well, rarely.

Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen, awarded a coveted blue for rowing against "the other place," feed off the vivid experience for the rest of their lives. White-haired old oarsmen, bowed with age and red-faced with living, attend the contest every year. It is an occasion tinged deep with emotion, and a crew would have to do something supernatural or foolish to be remembered well. Or at least something funny—like sinking.

Both Oxford and Cambridge have sunk more than once in the boat race's long history, on one occasion both in the same race. The very nature of the course, with its snaky meanders and intricate currents, makes it a watery nightmare for coxes faced for once with something more than keeping the bow straight and encouraging the crew. In certain conditions of wind the Thames can become disastrously cantankerous. Luck, however, has generally held, and only once since 1925 has a boat, with its crew of nine, sunk. That was in 1951, when national pride was swelling and the country was flexing its muscles. The submerging was made the more memorable because Oxford suffered the ignominy of going under watched not only by the press and spectators but by a television audience of several million. To their eternal credit, the Oxonian oarsmen kept their stiff upper lips to the end, and every Englishman who witnessed the occasion will go to his grave with a picture imprinted on his mind of them up to their armpits in water. In all his movies Buster Keaton never did it better.

Although people always remember crews as crews and not as individuals, and not a single person was to blame for the debacle, the Oxford crew was notable that year not so much for its upright marionette style as for its coxswain. He was George Alexander Carver, the first American to fill the position in the Oxford boat. He looked like a bespectacled Mickey Rooney, and he had an enormous reputation. Just as some men can estimate horseflesh at a mere glance, Carver could, it was boasted, read currents. "I try to feel the tides," he said. A breeze building up a mile away could not escape his sensitive smell. Carver also employed a megaphone, distinctly unusual in England, and called his crew "gang," which, according to one Oxford oarsman, made them feel "like a bunch of pirates rowing in for the kill." That is how they did look compared to the Cambridge crew. Faster, smoother and better coordinated, displaying a long, elegant layback at the end of each stroke, Cambridge started as the favorite. Typically, those English whose loyalties were not quite firmly rooted switched their support to underdog Oxford.

Boat Race Day (March 24) dawned with a heavy wind, rain and snow plus patches of sun. An estimated half a million—flecked with light-blue and dark-blue rosettes—thronged the banks, agog for a mere glimpse of the crews flashing by and heedless of the atrocious weather. Cockneys and old Etonians, politicians, authors and artists at riverside parties, men, women and children from all streams of life flowed together with one solitary interest.

"Anything could happen today," somebody prophetically warned Carver. "Don't worry," replied Carver exuberantly, "we'll take it easy." He donned his windbreaker, adjusted his megaphone and commanded his crew. "Fasten your safety belts, brother. It's going to be a bumpy ride." At the stake boats the crews had some difficulty getting straight, and water slopped over the sides of their shells. "I knew before we began," said Carver later, "we were going to sink."

The crews started in a shower of spray, but it was Oxford that seemed inundated with the worse conditions, diving through water that was behaving as if it were inside a pot on the boil. It broke over the bow and forward riggers, and within a minute the Oxford shell seemed to have the river running through it. Cambridge, meanwhile, shot like a pike after its prey from a lightning start to an impressive lead.

Over the radio a BBC commentator bubbled, "I doubt if Oxford is going to last. They're shipping so much water it will surprise me if they are able to keep going at this rate much longer. I'm afraid they're sinking into the Thames. They have ceased to row. We are shipping a tremendous amount of water ourselves. In fact, we are getting quite drenched."

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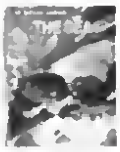


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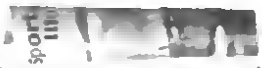


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The Oxford shell had, indeed, sunk slowly into the Thames. The race had lasted 2 minutes 57 seconds for Oxford and the shell had gone barely half a mile, the shortest, quickest ending ever. The crew sat like guardsmen on parade, upright until it was absolutely impossible to row any more. "No word was said," declared the Oxford boat club president, Chris Davidge. "There was just silence. We left our boat floating dismally upside down." Coxswain Carver admitted later that he was the first to abandon ship, and one after another the rest sheepishly followed him through icy water to the safety of a launch. As they arrived back at the boathouse mounted police struggled to hold the crowds from the bedraggled crew. "Good old Oxford," they cried. "Have another go."

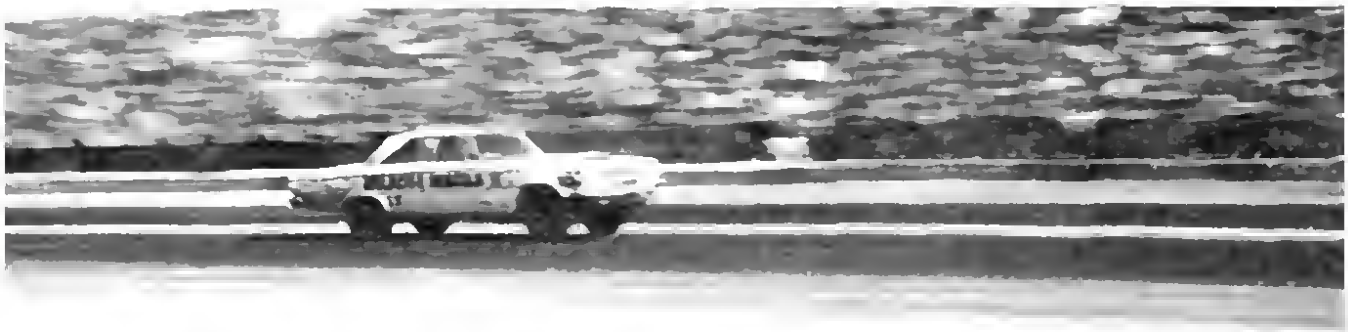
Second chance

Like a fish flung back in the pool, Oxford was allowed another go because the boat race, a private match, is not bound by strict rules but rather by loose understandings. Cambridge could have perhaps continued to the end and won unchallenged. But in 1927 the two universities had reached a gentleman's agreement that said if either crew suffered an accident not due to any individual oarsman, before going a mile, the umpire could recall the crews. Although the resulting decision was considered controversial, the event was on this basis declared "no race" and rescheduled for two days later. The umpire was the Bishop of Willesden, and nobody wanted to get enmeshed in the robes of ecclesiastical authority.

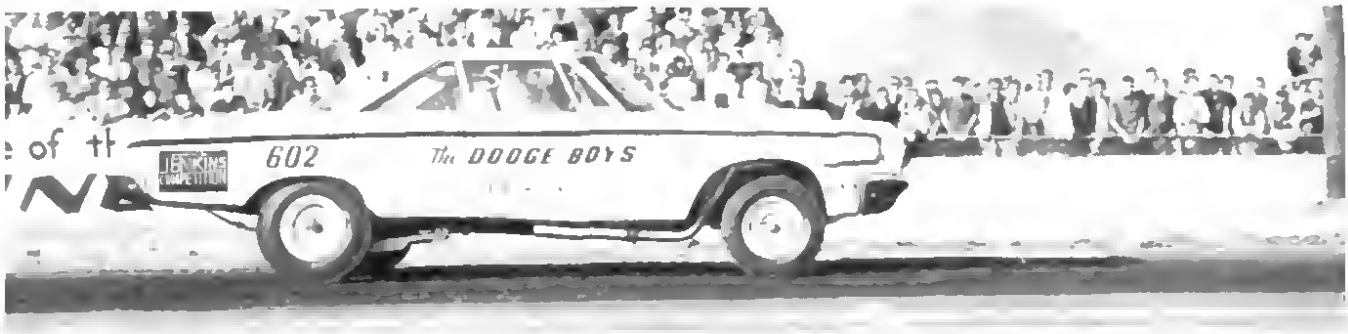
When the two met again, this time in a slight drizzle, Cambridge thrashed Oxford by 12 lengths, the biggest margin of victory in half a century. The winning crew was one of the most magnificent ever to take the water. It went on to beat Yale, Harvard, Boston University and MIT in America, sweep the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley and the eight-oars for Britain in the European championships. For a time it was the sight of this shell that dominated British memories, but recollection of these victories has gradually dimmed. Now outside the intimate world of rowing it is Oxford sinking, sublimely disciplined to the last, that people best recall. "The finest sporting sight I've ever seen," said one sporting Briton. **END**



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and demonstrated an extremely helpful exercise. This involved holding the putter with nothing but my right hand and hitting the ball at the hole from two feet, then four, six and finally 10 feet. My stroke came back. It was a miracle.

In addition to becoming at last a good putter, I also began to really learn another important secret of competitive golf—keep trying. Every rookie has to learn it. There were two key occasions in 1961 and 1962 that proved to me I had mastered this problem.

The first was at the Milwaukee Open, played in July 1961. I started the last round with a bunch of birdies and from pretty far back had jumped into contention for the lead. Then I abruptly bogeyed the 11th, 12th and 13th holes and missed a short birdie putt on the 14th. I was out of contention now and about to put my putter into orbit.

"Tony, wait until you have played the last four holes before you get mad. Then have all the tantrums you want. While you're out here see what you can salvage. It will only take an hour." Who was talking? Me. It was no coincidence that I proceeded to birdie the last four holes, jump back into a tie for sixth and pick up a check for $1,300.

The second example occurred in July 1962 at the Buick Open. This year had been frustrating in many ways, but I was the new Tony Lema and I had learned to handle frustration. After three rounds I was tied for the lead with Bill Collins and Pete Cooper. On the second hole the last day I had just hit a shot that looked as if it was going to set up a birdie. The ball was passing through thin little twigs high up in a tree when it hit something that must have been as solid as a brick wall. It kicked straight left across the fairway and out of bounds.

"Son," said Cooper, who is 49 and has been on the tour for a long time, "that was the worst piece of luck I have ever seen a man have on a golf course."

That shot put me out of contention for the championship, but earlier in my career I would have blown straight out of the money. However, I was able to shrug it off, keep working hard and finally tied for sixth. This gave me a strong sense of satisfaction. As the summer went on I came closer and closer to winning a tournament, and in Seattle in September I shot a final-round 63 that put me second, right behind Jack Nicklaus. After that burst of golf I figured there was nothing I couldn't do, that my first tournament win must be just a lucky break away. This is the point that every tour rookie must reach if he is to succeed. Granted, this was my fifth "rookie" year, but I'm Tony Lema, the guy who does things the hard way.

The break finally came, and in a most unusual fashion. Two weeks after Seattle the tour was in Las Vegas for the Sahara Invitational. With 360 amateurs and 120 pros competing, the tournament, at least for the first two rounds, had to be held on two different courses, the Paradise Valley Country Club and the Las Vegas municipal course.

On the first round I shot a 75, which left me staggering 10 shots back of the leaders, one of whom was Billy Casper. Then the inexplicable happened. The sun had shone brightly on the municipal course where I had played, but a cloudburst late in the afternoon made Paradise Valley unplayable and all the first-round scores were washed out. I couldn't believe it. With that for an omen, I went on to shoot a 69 on the new first round and eventually won the tournament by three shots. At last I had learned enough about the tour to win. I went on to take the Orange County Open, the Mobile Open by seven shots, the Mexican Open for the second time, and finished out the year by making $48,000. The things I was going to discover about the tour from now on would not be from a rookie's point of view.

NEXT WEEK: LIFE AMONG THE BEST

Tony Lema tells of his new and exciting station in the ranks of the winners, a place where the fame is pleasurable but so precarious that it can slip away from a powerful Mike Souchak and can all but destroy a once-confident Ken Venturi.



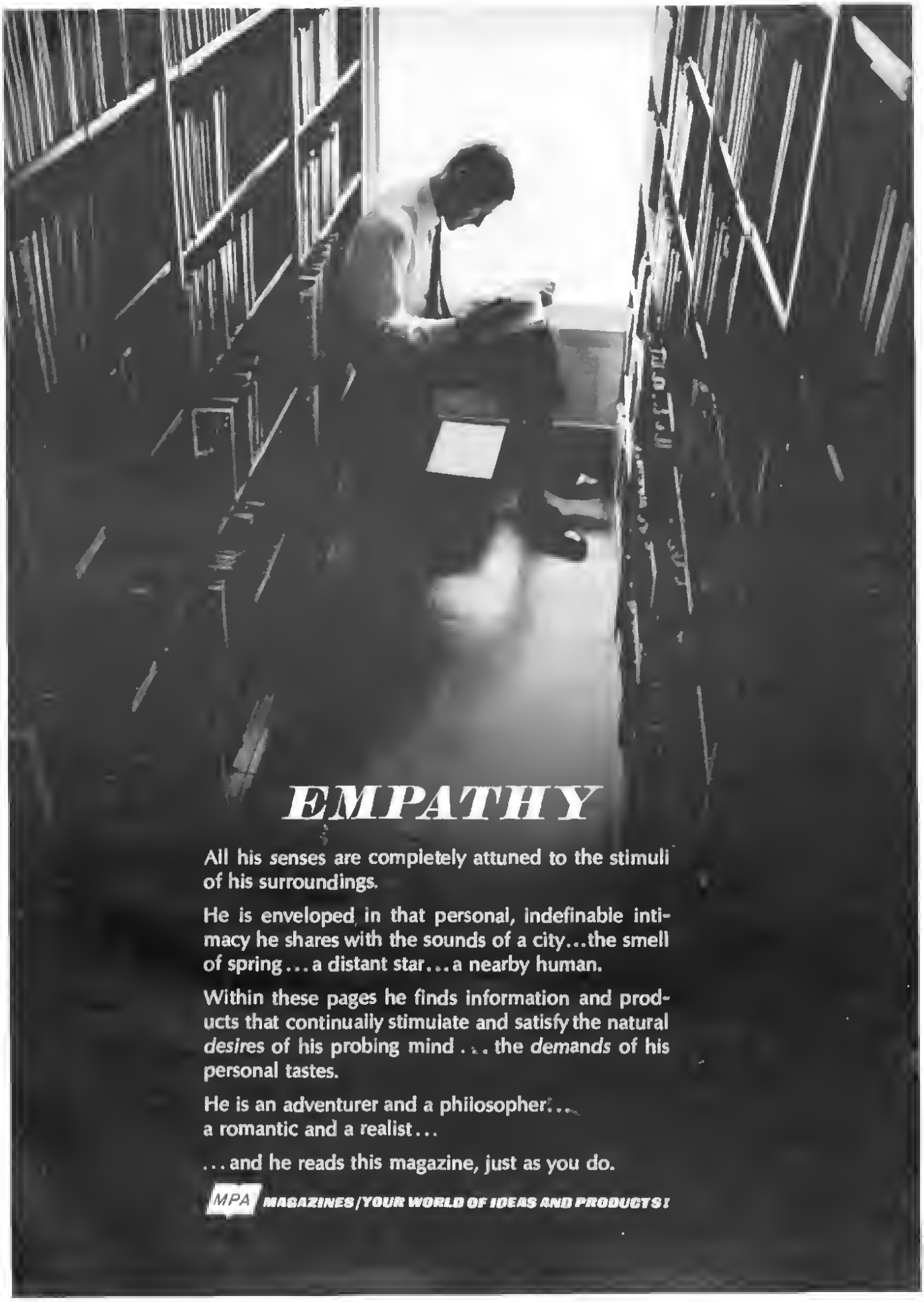
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BADMINTON After dropping the initial match, in which former U.S. Singles Champion Jim Poole defeated Yoshio Komiya, JAPAN quickly took five straight to insure victory in the best-of-nine-match American Zone Thomas Cup final in Victoria, B.C.

BASKETBALL—BOSTON clinched its eighth consecutive Eastern Division title by crushing the Pistons 140–120 (eight Celtics scored 10 or more points) and the Bullets 129–105. After slumping to a half-game lead just three weeks ago, the Celtics zipped to an 11–1 record to open up a four-game lead over second-place CINCINNATI, which was 8–5 over the same period (split four games last week). PHILADELPHIA won two of five while last-place NEW YORK dropped two before beating the Pistons 139–125. SAN FRANCISCO, in first place in the Western Division, took three out of four and sat on a seemingly safe two-game lead over ST. LOUIS, which split four games. Third-place LOS ANGELES, in a little-too-late sprint, won four out of five, and BALTIMORE, closing on a sour note, lost six in a row to extend its losing streak to nine. But last-place DETROIT played its best ball in six weeks and won three of five games, including a big 114–103 victory over the Royals.

Defending Champion NASHVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE defeated Wayland Baptist College of Plainview, Texas 58–46 in the final to take the women's national AAU championship at St. Joseph, Mo. It was the third year in a row that Nashville had beaten Wayland in the title game, and was the Tennessee school's fifth tournament win in the last seven seasons.

BOATING—CHARLES MORGAN of St. Petersburg, Fla., *a designer of ocean-racing sailboats (Paper Tiger* and *Sabre*, for instance) finished 1-2-3-1-3 in the Mid-Winter Snipe regatta in Clearwater, Fla. to regain the title he had won in 1961 and 1962.

BOXING—EDDIE COTTON of Seattle, who lost his No. 1 light-heavyweight ranking when Johnny Persol defeated him by a split decision three weeks earlier, knocked out the previously unbeaten Persol in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-rounder at Madison Square Garden.

European Middleweight Champion LASZLO PAPP of Hungary won a 10-round decision over England's Harry Scott in Vienna, Austria.

GOLF—At the $25,000 St. Petersburg (Fla.) Open Australia's BRUCE DEVLIN gained the lead in the second round with an eight-under-par 64 and went on to win the tournament with a 272 total, four strokes ahead of second-place Dan Sikes Jr.

GYMNASTICS The UNITED STATES edged Canada for the team title in the first North American Championships, at West Chester, Pa., leaving Mexico far behind in third place. Air Force Lieut. GREG WEISS, a Penn State graduate, captured the men's all-round title, and the women's all-round championship went to MARIE WALTHER of Kent State University.

HOCKEY—CHICAGO lost both its games, one of them 4–3 to the Canadiens, enabling MONTREAL—which was also shut out twice—to slip back into a first-place tie with only one week left to play. TORONTO had its best time since early December as it defeated the Canadiens 1–0 on Frank Mahovlich's goal and Johnny Bower's fifth shutout, and then beat the Rangers twice in a row. It was also a perfect week for fourth-place DETROIT, which edged the Bruins 2–1 and defeated the Black Hawks 5–3 on Floyd Smith's first NHL hat trick. Hopeless NEW YORK gave up 15 points in three straight losses, while last-place BOSTON, hopeless but hustling, managed to win two out of three.

HORSE RACING Theodore D. Buhl's GRECIAN PRINCESS ($60), ridden by Kelly Broussard, outsprinted favored Whit's Pride in the stretch to win the $48,050 Louisiana Derby for 3-year-olds by a neck at New Orleans' Fair Grounds.

MOTOR SPORTS—Britain's INNES IRELAND, competing for the first time since an accident last September, drove his BRP Monocoque an average 78.08 mph in a freezing rainstorm to win the 94.85-mile Daily Mirror Trophy race, the first Formula I test of the season, at Snetterton Park, England.

ROGER REIMAN of Kewanee, Ill., riding a Harley Davidson 500 Class C motorcycle, tonk the lead on the 29th lap and averaged 94.833 mph to win the *53-lap Daytona 200-mile race for the second time*, at Daytona International Speedway.

SKIING—JEAN SAUBERT took the women's combined title in the three-day Eastern Alpine championships at Stowe, Vt., although she came in first in only one event—the giant slalom. Italy's Pia Riva, the only foreign competitor, won both the downhill and the slalom, but was disqualified in the giant slalom when she crashed into a pole. BUDDY WERNER, after finishing fourth to Olympic teammate Billy Kidd in the giant slalom, won both the downhill and slalom to gain the men's combined championship.

In Crested Butte, Colo., Olympian JOHN BALFANZ of Western State (Gunnison, Colo.) won the National and North American Nordic combined championship with a third-place finish in the jumping event and an eighth in the 15-km. cross-country race.

SQUASH RACQUETS MRS. NATHAN STAUFFER and MRS. CHARLES WETZEL of Cynwyd, Pa., edged Mrs. Laussat Clement and Mrs. Newton Meade 15–12, 17–15, 18–16 to gain the U.S. women's doubles championship in Philadelphia.

SWIMMING—Competing in a Lima, Peru international meet, DONNA DE VARONA, 16, of Santa Clara, Calif., raced the 400-meter individual medley in 5:16.5, shearing 5.4 seconds off the women's world mark for that distance. The former record holder, Sharon Finneran of Los Angeles, placed second in 5:27.8.

TRACK & FIELD—The indoor season came to a halting end as many outstanding trackmen took a holiday or were hobbled by training injuries (Tom O'Hara with a strained groin muscle, John Thomas an injured right ankle and John Pennel a wrenched back). In the Cleveland Knights of Columbus meet JOHN UELSES cleared 16 feet 4½ inches in the pole vault to better Pennel's U.S. record by ¼ inch, and, in the absence of O'Hara, JIM GRELLE easily won the mile in 4:02.3. At the Milwaukee Journal Games in Milwaukee earlier in the week JOHN CAMIEN of Kansas State of Emporia took the mile in 4:02.7, while in Miami, at the Florida Athletic Club meet, Sprinter BOB HAYES was slowed by gusty winds as he won the 100-yard dash (9.4) and the 220 (21.5).

WRESTLING—Defending Champion WESTERN STATE of Gunnison, Colo. edged Colorado Mines, 51 to 49 points, to capture the NCAA small-college championships in Cedar Falls, Iowa.

MILESTONES—APPOINTED: FRANK McGUIRE, 47, of New York, as head basketball coach and associate athletic director at South Carolina. In five seasons with St. John's of Brooklyn (1948–1952) his teams won 103 games and lost only 35, and as coach at North Carolina (1953–1961) his 164–58 record included 37 straight victories in 1956 and 1957 plus the NCAA championship. McGuire took over the NBA Philadelphia Warriors in 1961, but when the team moved to San Francisco the following year he joined a New York film and advertising firm. "I hope I've grown up in the interim," he said. "Basketball is a game and only one team can win. I've always liked a winner."

REINSTATED: Halfback PAUL HORNUNG of the Green Bay Packers and Tackle ALEX KARRAS of the Detroit Lions, who were suspended in April 1963 for betting on football games, by NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle (*see page 11*).

DIED: EUGENE J. HAYES, 54, of Ou Quoin, Ill., co-sponsor with his brother, Don, of harness racing's premier event, The Hambletonian, in a Mount Vernon, Ill. hospital. A breeder, stable owner and chairman of the U.S. Trotting Association, Gene Hayes was the prime mover in establishing The Hambletonian as a major U.S. sporting spectacle.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Jay Maisel. 8—Chris Lund National Film Board of Canada. 14—Walter Iooss Jr. 17—Neil Leifer, Lee Balterman. 18, 19—Lee Balterman. 20, 21—Bob Clarkson. 22, 23—University of Missouri Photo Lab. 46—Keystone Press. 48, 51—Lee Balterman. 58–59—Joseph P. Consentino. 62—James Drake. 70—Lester Nehamkin. 73—Evening News; Ron Wahl-St. Petersburg Times, Bottelli Studio. 74—AP.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE JACOBSON, senior co-captain of the Penn State gymnastic team, won the all-round title at the eastern intercollegiate championships in University Park, Pa. with the best score in six Olympic events, then took first in the horizontal bar and parallel bars.



KAREN RIDEOUT, 19, a bowler for six years and the only girl on her team in the King Louie Stars junior bowling league in Kansas City, Mo., rolled consecutive games of *211, 250* and 269 for a 730 series—highest scratch score ever recorded by a junior girl.



MARK SMITH, 15, a St. Petersburg (Fla.) high school sophomore who had never skippered a Flying Dutchman sailboat before, borrowed one from a friend and maneuvered *it* to victory over 22 other boats in the Clyde Trophy Junior Invitational Regatta on Tampa Bay.



CLAUDIA REEDER, 19, a University of Kansas sophomore who has been fencing just one year, was sanctioned by the Amateur Fencers League of America to compete as the only U.S. girl at the world junior championships in Budapest, Hungary later this month.



REBEL RYAN, 18, of Rutland, Vt., who has been skiing since he was 10, turned the Eastern Junior Alpine championships into a one-man show at Sugarloaf Mountain in Kingfield, Me. when he won the downhill, the slalom and the giant slalom on consecutive days.



LEN BOYER, 18, a left-hand-hitting shortstop who hopes to follow his older brothers—Cloyd, Ken and Clete—into the major leagues someday, set a Little Eight Conference basketball record when he scored 39 points in a tournament game for his Alba (Mo.) High School team.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

The preliminaries were over in major college basketball's NCAA tournament. Among the surprises along the way were Kentucky's embarrassment by Ohio U. in Minneapolis and Wichita's loss to Kansas State in Wichita. Awaiting the semifinals in Kansas City were Duke, Michigan, Kansas State and unbeaten UCLA (see page 18).

THE NIT

The National Invitation Tournament also was heading toward a hectic final round Saturday in New York's Madison Square Garden. While DUQUESNE and NEW MEXICO waited patiently for their opening quarter-final games Tuesday, second-seeded BRADLEY and unseeded NYU moved into the semifinals.

The biggest surprise was NYU. All season long the caliber of the Violets' performance had been up and down like an automated elevator. There were rumors of dissension on the squad and the players had been pilloried and taunted by a legion of critics. But last week NYU suddenly was the darling of the Garden galleries again. For once there was some semblance of order in the attack against Syracuse. After some typically bad moments with their old nemesis, the full-court press, and Syracuse sophomore Dave Bing's superb jump-shooting (he scored 31 points), the Violets got together. They moved the ball purposefully, Happy Hairston and Barry Kramer teamed up for 49 points, and NYU won 77–68.

Two nights later NYU was its old confused self for a while against top-seeded De Paul. Coach Ray Meyer, who coyly admitted that he had "heard about their troubles with a press," went at the Violets from the start with a smothering all-over defense. NYU fumbled, bumbled and threw the ball away, and the fast-breaking Blue Demons, led by Guards Jim Murphy and Dennis Freund, were ahead 43–37 at half time. It was time for a desperate measure, and NYU Coach Lou Rossini took it. He benched Guard Gene Tisch for sophomore Carlton Rooks, a less seasoned but more stable ball handler, moved Kramer to backcourt and Bob Patton up front. Almost immediately the Violets began to bloom. Hairston snatched rebounds away from De Paul's 6-foot-10 Dave Mills, Kramer broke the press with his dribbling, and eight straight points put the New Yorkers back in the ball game. After that all the Violets played like old friends. Hairston scored 28 points, Kramer 23 and De Paul went down 79–66.

For a while ST. JOSEPH'S looked like a team that could give the favorites big trouble. Miami, despite its hot-shooting and free-running reputation, never once got its fast break off the ground against the hustling Hawks. Slick Rick Barry, the pride of the Hurricanes and an excellent shooter, managed 35 points, but Steve Courtin, a bull-necked little guy with a flair for the jump shot, poured in 30, and St. Joe's romped 86–76.

St. Joseph's, however, stumbled over a good BRADLEY team 83–81 Saturday night in the quarter-finals. Courtin got 31 points but, while the Hawks hustled themselves moving in and out of a variety of zone and man-to-man defenses, Levern Tart and Ernie Thompson concentrated on their shooting to force a 79–79 tie with 1:33 to go. Then Coach Chuck Orsborn put Joe Strawder, a 6-foot-9 stringbean who had languished on the bench with four fouls for 14½ minutes of the second half, back in the game. It was a good move. Strawder dropped in a free throw and, with eight seconds left, tipped in a rebound for the winning basket.

ARMY and DRAKE also scored first-round victories. The young but ambitious Cadets, all fired up for the NIT, took St. Bonaventure right down to the wire and then upset the shocked Bonnies 64–62 when Joe Kosciusko, a tough 6-foot-1 backcourt man, muscled his way up to bat in a rebound at the buzzer. That wasn't the only shock the Bonnies got. They were appalled when sophomore Dick Murray held Fred Crawford to a mere six points in the first half. Not even Miles Aiken's 30 points could make up for that lapse. Army was shaken a bit when the Bonnies went to a full-court press to build a 56–47 lead, but Mike Silliman, a smooth 6-foot-6 soph from Louisville who got away from Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, rallied the West Pointers into a tie in the closing minutes. Then came Kosciusko's big field goal.

Drake, the Missouri Valley co-champion, took Pitt 87–82, but the Bulldogs rarely have had it tougher, not even in their own bruising conference. They had to survive 30 points by Pitt's Brian Generalovich, a 6-foot-4 burly boy who slammed around the court like a bull in a china shop, pulling down rebounds and firing in jump shots. Only some expert foul shooting (13 for 14) and 27 points by Gene West, and some strong board work by McCoy McLemore saved the day for Drake.



CAUGHT IN A BEAR HUG by teammate Paul Bullard is Evansville's Jerry Sloan, chosen the NCAA's small college most valuable player.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

Just as enthusiastic about their own postseason honors, the smaller colleges were busy settling claims in championship tournaments in Evansville and Kansas City. In Evansville 11,915, a tournament record, jammed handsome Roberts Memorial Stadium for the three-night NCAA college division playoffs. They applauded everybody else politely but raised the roof when their home-town EVANSVILLE Aces, a hard-driving, tough-defending team that was ranked No. 1 among small colleges this season, dribbled Cal Poly of Pomona 95–73 and State College of Iowa 82–67.

That brought the Aces to a showdown with Akron, which had beaten Hofstra 77–58 and North Carolina A&T 57–48 on the way to the finals. The Zips, as they are called back in Ohio, were rangy enough to give Evansville a tussle off the boards, and they played a tight zone defense that troubled most other teams. But it was no trouble at all for the Aces. Buster Briley, a hot-handed shooter, scattered Akron's zone with four baskets in the first two minutes, and then Jerry Sloan, a deft ball-handling guard, dazzled the Zips with his fancy moves. Evansville won 72–59 for its 21st straight and third championship in eight years.

At Kansas City 10,000 home-towners were hopeful but not overly optimistic when their ROCKHURST team went up against Pan American in the NAIA final. Pan Am's Lucious Jackson, a 6-foot-9 center with a habit of scoring points in streaks and snapping up every rebound in sight, had been terrorizing the field. Rockhurst Coach Joe Brehmer, whose team had managed to squeeze past four opponents with the help of some skintight guarding, knew that defense was his only weapon against Pan Am's jumping jacks. So he planned accordingly. First, Jim Selzer, a defensive specialist, had a go at Jackson and he managed him quite well for 12 minutes. Then regular center Pat Caldwell, a rugged 6-foot-6, came in to finish the job. Jackson, who had averaged 28 points, got only one field goal in the second half, a mere 11 points in the game, and Rockhurst won its first title, 66–56. END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NORTHERNER DOWN SOUTH

Sirs:

After reading your article, *A Derbi Star Rises* (March 9), I am thoroughly convinced that your writers would have trouble picking a winner in a one-horse race. Whitney Tower has now made the biggest blunder of all by giving five horses a better chance to win the Kentucky Derby than the great Canadian colt, Northern Dancer. The son of Nearctic proved in the Flamingo Stakes that he is the class of the 3-year-old division. His contenders have had two chances against him—slim and none. He has the best chance of becoming the first Triple Crown winner since Citation. When the five horses Tower picked meet Northern Dancer in the Derby, they will wish they had never come out of the barn.

DAVID A. ZATI

Long Beach, N.Y.

INTERURBAN

Sirs:

The New York Mets—ugh! The crowned clowns of baseball, those hungling hoohs of baseball, that bunch who should be booked on the *Ed Sullivan Show* as the greatest comedy ever, bar none, are supposed to outdraw the New York Yankees at the gate this year, says William Leggett (*Trouble Sprouts for the Yankees*, March 2). "But why not?" ask Met fans. "After all, we have Selma, Carmel, Kanehl and Haas." Who? Well, I believe that there are still many of us who would rather see the Yankees.

DENNIS ZILINSKI

Hoboken, N.J.

Sirs:

Too much success over a period of years, with the resultant lack of competition, always results in decreased attendance, no matter what the sport. One of my earliest recollections is of my father telling me why Connie Mack broke up his $100,000 infield because, after winning three championships and returning from a highly successful western trip, they were greeted by a little over 2,000 people on a beautiful day in Philadelphia.

A more recent parallel in basketball would be the Minneapolis (now Los Angeles) Lakers, who won several championships and were hardly ever beaten at home—to the point that their attendance dropped off and the franchise was switched. Of more recent vintage is the case of our Boston Celtics who, while well supported at the gate, draw more on the road than they do in Boston.

People, by nature, root for the underdog.

JOSEPH J. FAY

Needham, Mass.

Sirs:

When you predict that the Mets will outdraw the Yanks, because they are more colorful, you must also take into consideration that the Yankees are in the AL and the Mets in the NL.

Each year the Yankees run away with the flag without much trouble. On the other hand, the Mets may end up in last, but at least they are in a league that has three or four teams all fighting at once. This is why Mr. Herman Ringler—and many others—will be sitting in new Shea Stadium watching a losing team in a winning league.

JAMES CURTIS

Hyattsville, Md.

Sirs:

I don't know how adults feel, because I am a 10-year-old sports fan and my family subscribes to your magazine for me. But all my friends—if they had a chance—would far rather see a Yankee game anytime. Probably all boys my age feel the same.

CHARLES CIESZISKI

Fulton, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have been a Met fan all my life [15 years]. The main reason for their success is that they are "the greatest."

RICK HANNAH

Metuchen, N.J.

SHORT ORDER

Sirs:

The attitude of the White Sox management as expressed by Ed Short in the Jim Brosnan affair leaves me somewhat puzzled (*This Pitcher May Need Relief*, March 16). They made no objection that I ever read to the off-season activities of players engaged in other business. I can think of one player—another pitcher—who gasps his lungs out on the basketball floor during the pro season. I evidently writing is more strenuous than this!

In my opinion, I don't think management has any right to tell a ballplayer what he should do in the off-season as long as his physical being is not injured for further usage, and as long as he does not do anything morally reprehensible, which of course could reflect on the team as a whole.

EDWARD HAGER

South Bend, Ind.

COUNTERPUNCH

Sirs:

Have you gone mad? If Jerry West and Elgin Baylor are "the best one-two punch in the NBA" (March 9), where does that leave Jerry Lucas and the incomparable Oscar Robertson? And why are the Lakers in third place in their division, and fifth in a league of nine teams? True, they might be the highest scoring duo, but there is certainly more to the game than scoring. Luke and Oz have kept the Royals in second place in the league despite injuries to Jack Twyman, Adrian Smith, Arlen Bockhorn, and despite such frivolities as trading Bob Boozer for no one. Now that Jerry Lucas has hit his stride, and with Oscar as unbelievably great as ever, the Royals have the best one-two punch in basketball.

RICHARD L. LEVY

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Marvin E. Newman, your photographer, is behind the times by a year. The best combination in pro basketball is Robertson-Lucas.

ELLIOT RAVETZ

Washington

Sirs:

In saying that the Los Angeles Lakers won because of Elgin Baylor and Jerry West you are making a grave error. I am sure that if the great "team" of Blanchard and Davis didn't have nine other good football players on the field with it, they never would have earned such acclaim for West Point back in the '40s.

If it takes just two great men to make up a championship team, what happened here the early Boston Celtics had Bob Cousy and Ed Macauley, the Cincinnati Royals had Oscar Robertson and Jack Twyman, the San Francisco Warriors had Wilt Chamberlain and Guy Rodgers?

If you are looking for a winning combination, watch the great Boston Celtics, who have only one player scoring 20 points a game, but, for winning teamwork you can't beat them.

ERIC WOLF

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

Give Photographer Marvin E. Newman a pat on the back for a most enjoyable set of pictures. As for your predictions, it was clever of you to say "the Celtics are fighting for their lives and reputations against the young and eager Cincinnati Royals." Otherwise, you just might have put yourselves in the position of the sportswriters who predicted a Liston victory.

BILL QUINLAN

St. Louis

OOOO JOE

Sirs:

As one who has always had a healthy respect for par golf—day in and day out—I

continued



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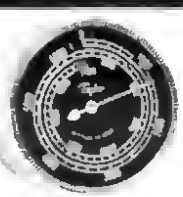
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have noticed that in most of the pro golf tournaments there are many sub-par rounds, and this causes me to speculate just how par would make out as a money winner. I wonder if your research people would go back for the full 1963 PGA schedule and determine how much money Joe Par would have earned had he shot par in each tournament and how he would have ranked as a money winner in the standings at the end of the year. I think many of us would like to see how par would stand up.

DON CRAMER

Denver

● According to the PGA, which computes the mythical Joe Par's winnings every year, a par score on every stop of the 1963 pro tour would have earned Joe $63,994.71 and fifth place on the PGA money list, behind Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Julius Boros and Tony Lema. Joe Par's record would have given him a win in the U.S. Open, second place in the Colonial National Invitation and the American Golf Classic, a tie for third in the Masters, tie for fifth in the PGA championship, sixth place in the Denver Open and a tie for sixth in the Thunderbird Classic.—ED

WEIGHTY ISSUE

Sirs

I was sorry to read the ridiculous statement made by the Arkansas football trainer, "Weights can build beautiful bodies but weight lifters get muscle-bound, and about all they are good for is to lift weights" (SCORECARD, March 2). How in the world did this man become trainer at such a big school with beliefs like that?

No one ever stops to consider the thousands of athletes who use weights. Weight-training programs are springing up all over the country in most colleges and universities, even in high schools. But who hears about the good weight training does? No one. The sport of weight lifting is also enjoying long overdue popularity in the schools. Coordination and speed are just as important in weight lifting as in any other sport. When you talk about "muscle-bound" and "tightness," you are just showing how far behind the times you really are.

RICHARD LANDIS

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs

The Arkansas trainer shows a tremendous lack of elementary knowledge of the value of weight training (especially as an adjunct to football). The principle of "overload" (the use of high poundage and low repetitions) has been shown to be of great value in increasing strength in the human being.

SOLOMON SHAPIRO

Corona, N.Y.

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